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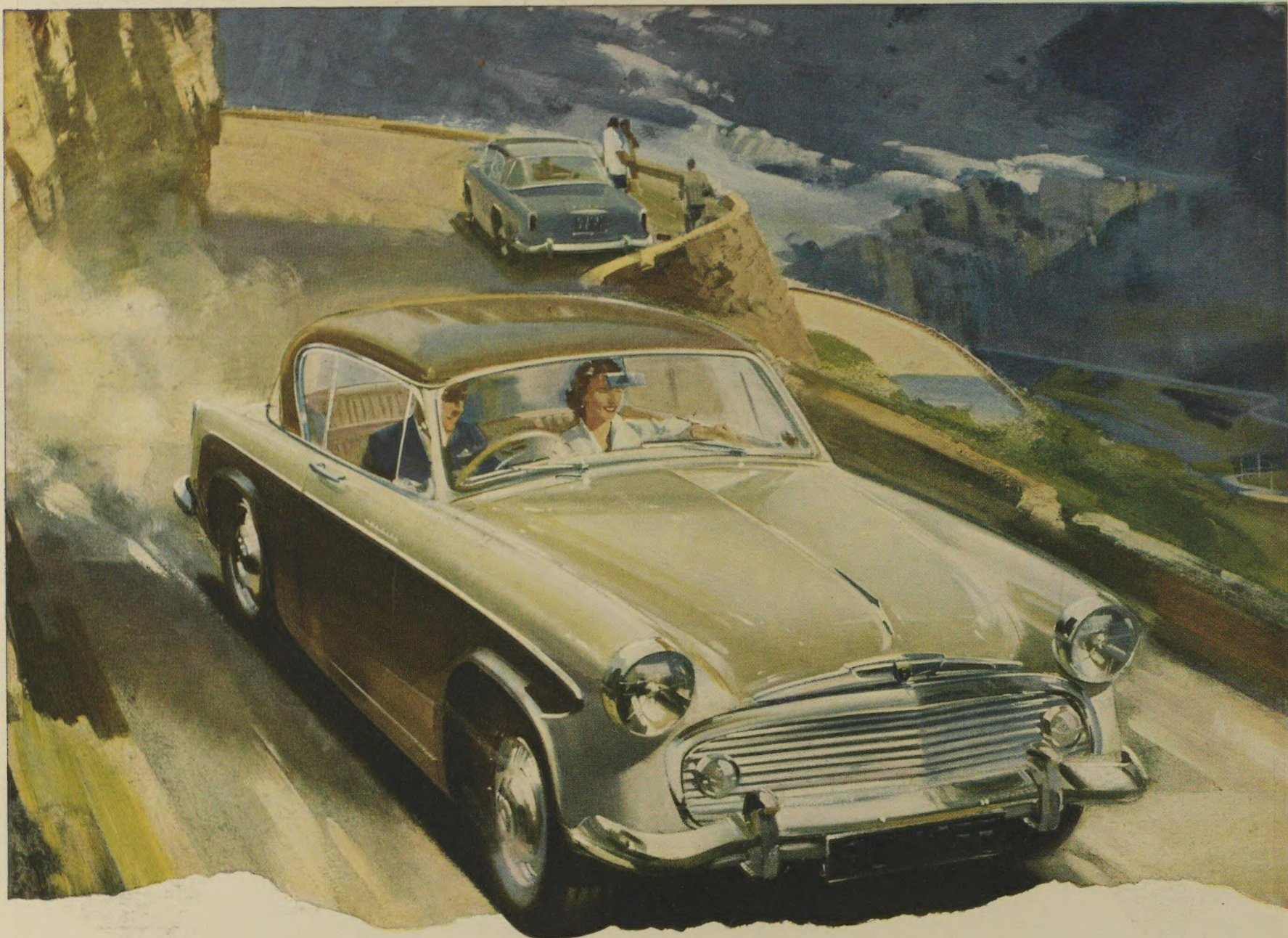
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The car that has *everything!*



Plenty of room in the boot !

The Rapier takes all the family luggage with ease ! Inside the car, there's spacious seating for four adults and generous fascia-locker and shelf space for last minute odds-and-ends.

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Lovely to look at . . . sleek lines, exquisite styling, sports car fascia . . . luxury throughout. Delightful to drive . . . a brilliant 1.4 litre engine with overdrive on third and top gears to give you speeds up to 90 m.p.h. Road-hugging suspension, extra large brakes and remarkable visibility to give you maximum safety. That's the Sunbeam Rapier, newest addition to a long line of Rally Champions.

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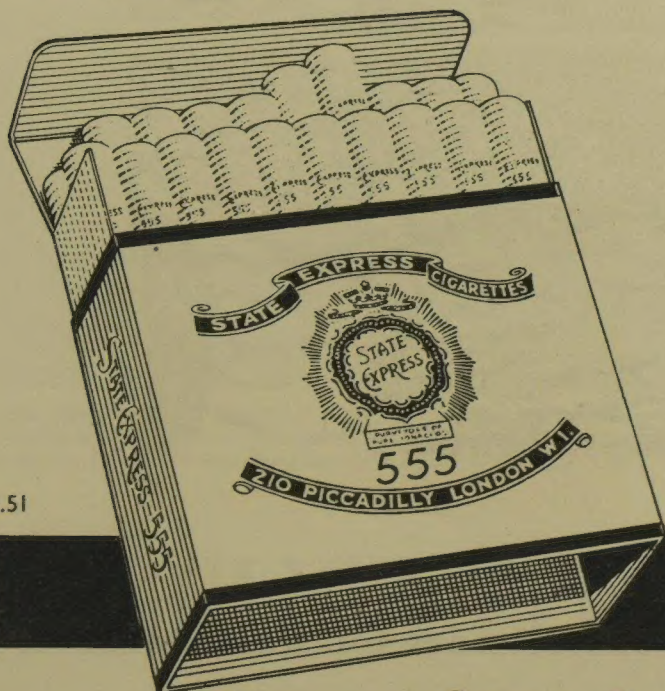
I SAID TO MYSELF

"You dress well. You run a car. You study your palate when you lunch and dine. Why don't you smoke the best cigarettes, when there's only a few pennies in it?"

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also in 10 • 25 • 50 • 100
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The case of *Leptinotarsa decemlineata* . . .

To farmers in many countries of Western Europe the result of an all-out attack of Colorado Beetle needs no description. It simply means no crop. In Switzerland, for instance, where this pest has long been a major problem, it is virtually impossible to grow potatoes without effective insecticidal protection.

Both the adult beetles and the larvae feed continuously on the foliage throughout their lives; the adults emerging from the soil in May are the first of several annual generations.

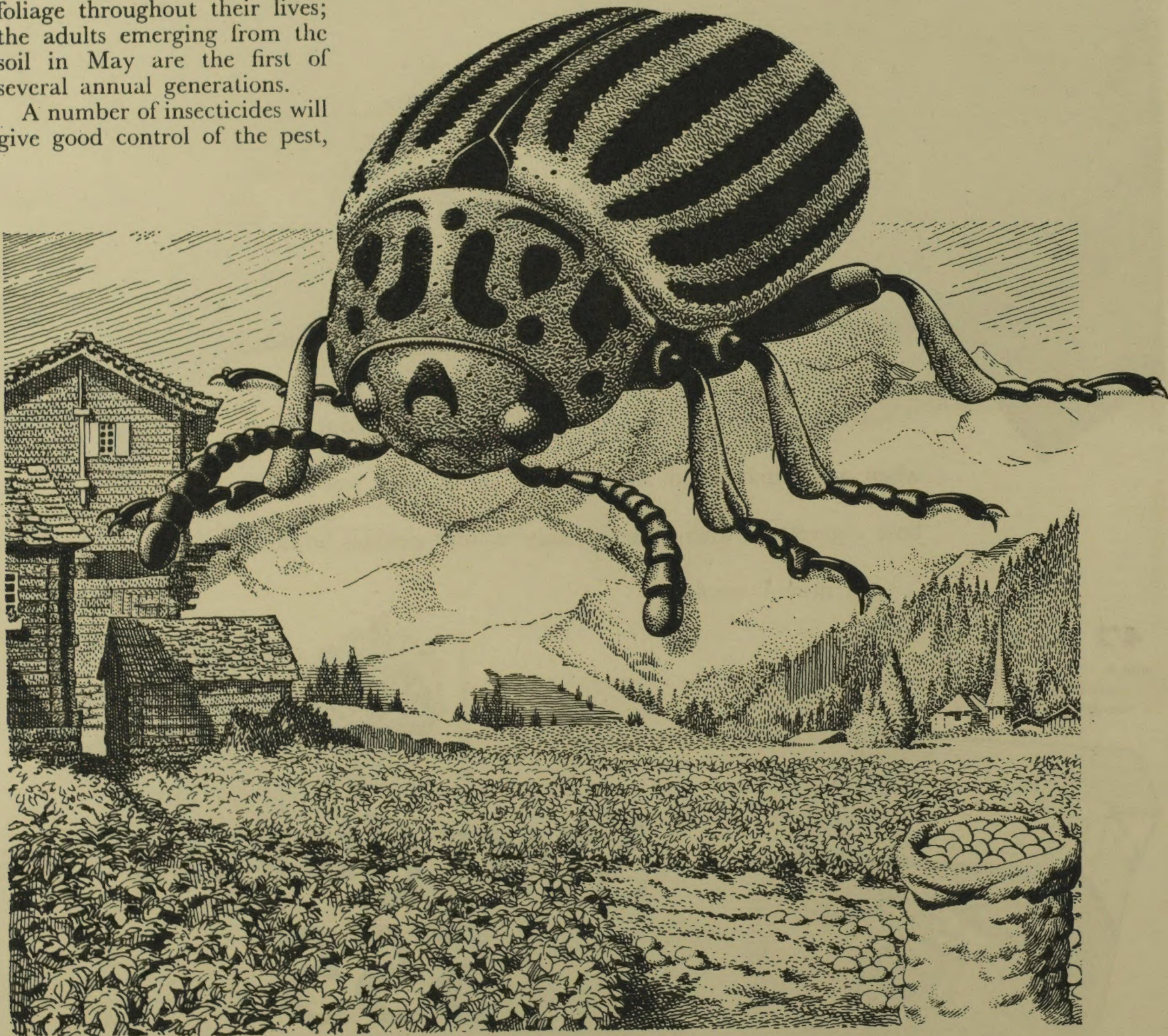
A number of insecticides will give good control of the pest,

but the most effective from all points of view is dieldrin, developed by Shell. Dieldrin halves the number of sprayings needed and is completely successful at the very low dosage of $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. per acre. Good control has been obtained with as little as $\frac{3}{4}$ oz!

Dieldrin is now used on a large part of the Swiss potato crop and its greater efficiency

has much reduced the cost of providing protection for this essential harvest.

Dieldrin, aldrin, endrin . . . these three advanced insecticides developed by Shell are complementary to each other. Between them they control most of the major insect pests which menace agricultural production and public health throughout the world. Have you an urgent pest problem in your area?



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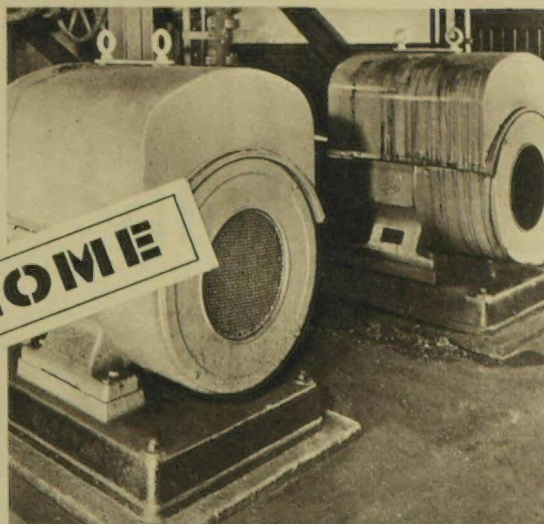
dieldrin, aldrin and endrin are



insecticides for world-wide use

A TWOFOLD JOB...

AT HOME



Power at work. ENGLISH ELECTRIC motors of many types are employed in Britain's varied industries. These 125-h.p. 720-r.p.m. closed air circuit, squirrel-cage motors are driving main pumps in the coal preparation plant at Wardley in the Durham Division of the National Coal Board.

How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home *and abroad*

Britain is busy now, more prosperous than for decades past. Full employment, active industries, advances in science and technology, plenty of opportunities both for firms and for individuals . . . this is progress to be proud of. The challenge—the need—is to maintain it.

All depends on production—and exports.

From 1949 to 1955, our total industrial output rose by 27% and the value of our vital exports by 58%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure *still better living for Britain*. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries use this energy for production—production not only for home demand but for developing export markets.

In addition it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

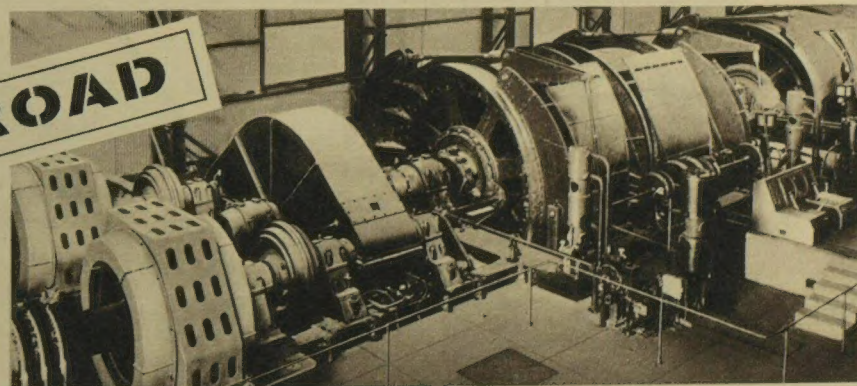
With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important *twofold* contribution to Britain's economic progress.

To Young Men and Their Parents

To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department, R.F.I.

Power generation (left). The top half of the compressor casing is lowered over the rotor of a 20,000-kW gas turbine built at the ENGLISH ELECTRIC Rugby Works. Besides gas turbines such as this, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is also pioneering in the development of atomic energy to supplement the conventional means of producing electric power in Britain.

ABROAD



Wealth from the earth. ENGLISH ELECTRIC supplied four twin AC hoists to Freddie's North and South Lease Area Mines in the Orange Free State, where they bring the gold-bearing quartz to the surface. ENGLISH ELECTRIC exports are earning for Britain all over the world.



Power afloat. ENGLISH ELECTRIC diesel-electric propulsion and auxiliary equipment is installed in the pilot vessel "Wyuna" of the Port Phillip Sea Pilots Association, Melbourne, Australia, built by Messrs. Ferguson Brothers (Port-Glasgow) Ltd.

ENGLISH ELECTRIC



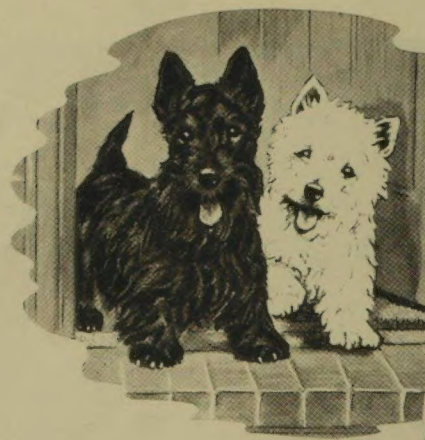
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For a friendly Greeting...

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SCOTCH WHISKY

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Your wisest choice...
for top performance
luxurious comfort and value...

Compare the performance of the Pathfinder, its 110 brake horse-power, its top speed of well over 100 m.p.h. Compare the roominess; it seats six at their ease yet it will go into the average garage. Compare the advanced design of suspension—torsion bars at the front and coil springs at the rear; the power-assisted brakes; the floor-level right-hand gear change that is such a delight to use. Compare all that the Pathfinder offers and then compare the price. You'll agree that Riley is your wisest choice.

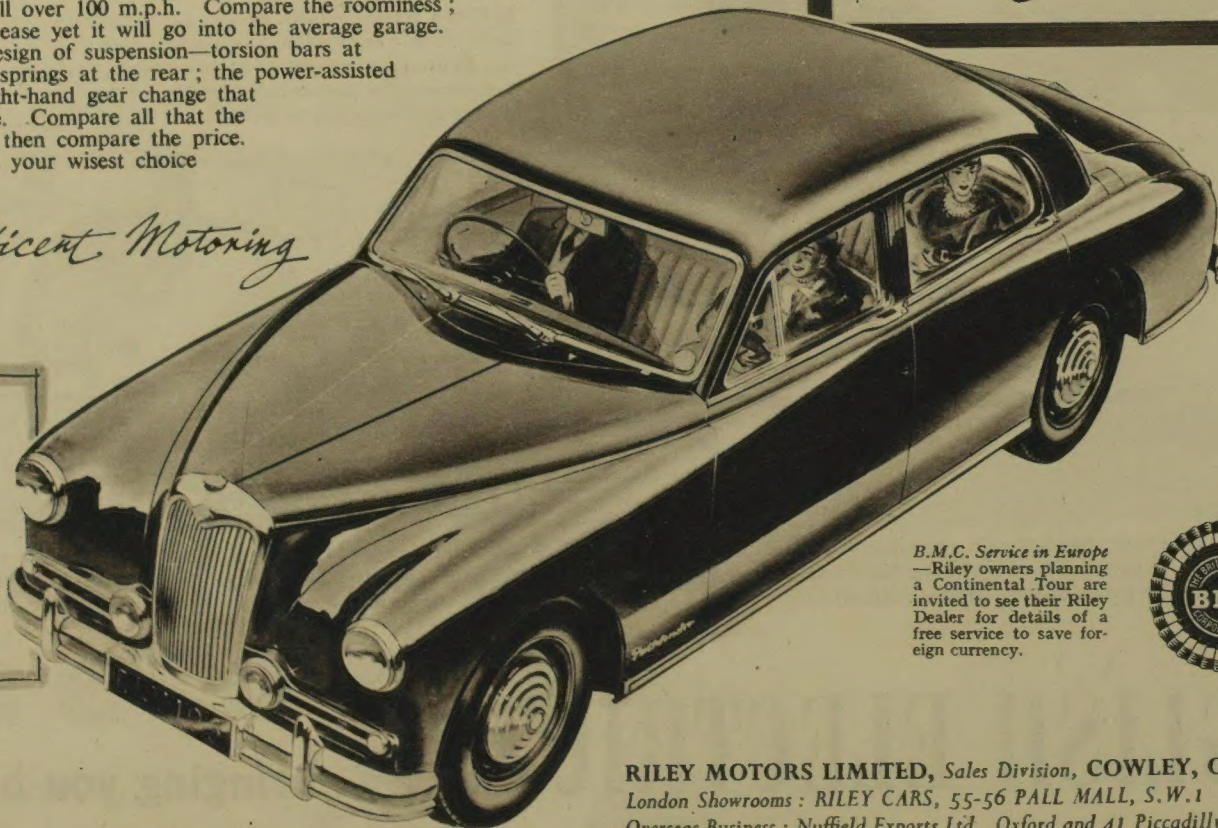
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B.M.C. Service in Europe
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London Showrooms: RILEY CARS, 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.1
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Down-to-earth protection

MONTEZUMA, proud monarch of Mexico, like many kings before him, was forbidden to touch the ground and had to be carried about by noblemen. In the olden days, it seems, kings were thought to be charged with virtue and they had to be insulated from contact with the earth to prevent the charge running to waste.

To-day, when it comes to protection, modern industrialists have their feet firmly on the ground. The surest sign of it is that so many leading manufacturers pick "Fiberite" cases, and cartons made from

"Thames Board" to protect their products and display them to advantage. Go into any small shop, any large store, in any part of the country, and the goods that command your attention are almost certainly packed in cartons made from "Thames Board". They have reached their destination safely in "Fiberite" cases.

Through long-range planning, and the enthusiasm of experienced technicians, Thames Board Mills are building up their productive capacity to meet the ever-growing needs of industry.

THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

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"THAMES BOARD" for cartons, boxes, bookbinding, etc. "FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard



Get there swifter... safer... fresher...

Drive DAIMLER

DRIVE DAIMLER—that's the significant phrase. Descriptions of performance, fluid transmission, braking, road holding, are merely words; and such virtues are, of course, already accepted in a Daimler. The really special qualities of a Daimler are intangible. The satisfaction of driving

it is inexpressible. Traffic no longer matters—long journeys are not tiring any more. Swift and silent, these cars take you and enfold you in a comfort quite beyond words. There's really only one thing for it, you'll *have* to go to your nearest Daimler dealer and . . . Drive Daimler.



*By Appointment
To Her Majesty the Queen
Motor Car Manufacturers
The Daimler Co. Ltd.*

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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1956.



A STEP TOWARDS A BRITISH HYDROGEN BOMB? THE THIRD BRITISH ATOMIC EXPLOSION IN THE MONTEBELLO ISLANDS :
THE FAMILIAR MUSHROOM CLOUD ARISING ON MAY 16.

At 11.50 a.m. on Wed., May 16, Britain's newest atomic weapon exploded in the Monte Bello Islands, off the west coast of Australia, with a terrific roar and a dazzling heat flash. Officially classified as a small explosion, it nevertheless startled observers with its violence. The "device" was exploded on the top of a high latticed tower; and no technical information had been released at the date of writing. It was believed, however, by many that the

device was probably in the nature of a "trigger" for a hydrogen bomb; that it was of a highly compressed nature with intense but concentrated power, affecting only objects in its immediate area. The director of the tests was Mr. C. A. Adams, chief of research at Aldermaston; while the actual device was fired by Mr. I. Maddock, scientific superintendent of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I NEVER cease to be fascinated and astonished by the rapid changes in habits of life and thought, and particularly those that have occurred in my own lifetime and in those of men and women I have known. Lying before me as I write, or to be more accurate pressing me down and almost threatening to break the chair on which I am writing, is a large, stout volume, published in Paris in 1876, of Louis Enault's "*Londres*," illustrated by Gustave Doré. It bears on its richly gilt and rather hideous cover not only the coat-of-arms of the City of London, but two Union Jacks, the engraving of which must have caused the patriotic French craftsman who made it a good deal of pain. But this, apart from the reproduction of London hoardings in the pictures—"Steam Boat—London Bridge to Charing Cross, Westminster, Chelsea," "Lloyd's News one penny," "Wait Here for Third

A MASTER OF WIT AND CARICATURE: THE LATE SIR MAX BEERBOHM.



ONE OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH LITERARY FIGURES OF THIS CENTURY: SIR MAX BEERBOHM, WHO DIED AT RAPALLO ON MAY 20 AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE.

Sir Max Beerbohm was born in London, the son of a corn merchant of Baltic descent, on August 24, 1872. He was educated at Charterhouse and Merton College, Oxford, and it was at university that his literary abilities and his gift for caricature were first put to good use. In 1894 he contributed to *The Yellow Book*, and his first volume of essays as well as his first collection of caricatures were published in the following year. On the resignation of Bernard Shaw he became dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*. In 1910 he married the American actress, Florence Kahn. They lived at Rapallo. His essays and caricatures continued to appear and meet with great popularity. Both with his pen and his pencil he won a very wide public by his brilliant and witty observation of the leading figures and events of his time. Only once did he write a full-length novel—"Zuleika Dobson"—which is as fresh to-day as when he wrote it some forty-five years ago. In 1935 he launched a new reputation as a natural and outstanding broadcaster. A month before his death Sir Max, who had been a widower since 1951, married Fräulein Elisabeth Jungmann, who had been looking after him for the last few years.

And how terrible, when one reflects, the London of the 'seventies must have seemed to a good Frenchman! It was all grime and fog and brutal, Philistine John-Bullism—high-Victorian John Bull, with his red, beery face, his gnarled, milling fists, his rude, raucous shouts and indifference, even contempt, for every civilised subtlety and refinement. Doré's pictures depict the horror of these insensitive, whiskered brutes—the sons and grandsons of the vile victors of Waterloo—as they appeared to a highly cultivated, observant and artistic Gaul. What a terrible scene, for instance, is that of the traffic-block somewhere in the City—the heaped barrels of beer, much the same as they had been a century before, in Hogarth's day, tied together on enormous drays; the yelling drivers; the jeering boys perched on mountainous bales of merchandise; the disagreeable old party—a characteristic representative of the unfeeling islanders who had allowed the heroic Ney to be shot and had burnt Joan of Arc—reading his book in a coronet-crested hansom-cab while the bearded, top-hatted cabby above hurls abuse at a bawling bus-driver with whose vehicle his own has become entangled; the sinister-looking firemen in their helmets with arms akimbo, sitting in a row in their embedded engine, and apparently quite indifferent to the fate of the poor victims of the fire they are unable to reach; the horrid *mêlée* of men, women and boys pushing and jostling on the pavements! Even the dogs, sitting barking on the bales and barrels of beer, high above the turmoil, are aggressive, shaggy, Britannic and, unlike poodles, quite uncivilised. From Dockland to Charing Cross, one feels there is nothing that an educated Latin could look on with anything but dislike and a shudder of horror.

Page after page in Doré's wonderful drawings, the dark, sinister impression of that lugubrious northern capital, sunk in perpetual fog and barbarism, is conveyed: the huddled, exhausted figures sleeping on the barges before a back-curtain of countless masts; the gin-sodden outcasts propped in clusters against the lamp-posts and balustrade of Westminster Bridge—unaccountably labelled by the printer "Le Dock de Lime-House"; the seamen, like death's-heads, singing their crude chants; the dockers huddled in fierce competition round the scenes of their labour and livelihood; the drunken navvies fiercely contending on the cobbled wharves by the light of an open window. The impression is of a titanic, ferocious energy, most of all in these river-scenes, described almost as graphically a few years earlier by Doré's countryman, the historian, Taine.

Every quarter of an hour the imprint and the presence of man, the power by which he has transformed nature, become more visible; docks, magazines, shipbuilding and caulking yards, stocks, habitable houses, prepared materials,

accumulated merchandise. . . . From Greenwich the river is nothing but a street a mile broad and upwards, where ships ascend and descend between two rows of buildings, interminable rows of a dull red, in brick or tiles bordered with great piles stuck in the mud for mooring vessels, which come here to unload or to load. Ever new magazines for copper, stone, coal, cordage, and the rest; bales are always being piled up, sacks being hoisted, barrels being rolled, cranes are creaking, capstans sounding. . . . To the west, rises an inextricable forest of yards, of masts, of rigging: these are the vessels which arrive, depart or anchor, in the first place in groups, then in long rows, then in a continuous heap, crowded together, massed against the chimneys of houses and the pulleys of warehouses, with all the tackle of incessant, regular, gigantic labour. A foggy smoke penetrated with light envelopes them; the sun there sifts its golden rain, and the brackish, tawny, half-green, half-violet, water, balances in its undulations striking and strange reflections. . . . The hugeness of the conglomeration and of the human creation hinders us from thinking about this deformity and this artifice; for want of pure and healthy beauty, the swarming and grandiose life remains; the shimmering of embrowned waves, the scattering of the light imprisoned in vapour, the soft whitish or pink tints which cover these vastnesses, diffuse a sort of grace over the prodigious city, having the effect of a smile upon the face of a shaggy and blackened Cyclops.

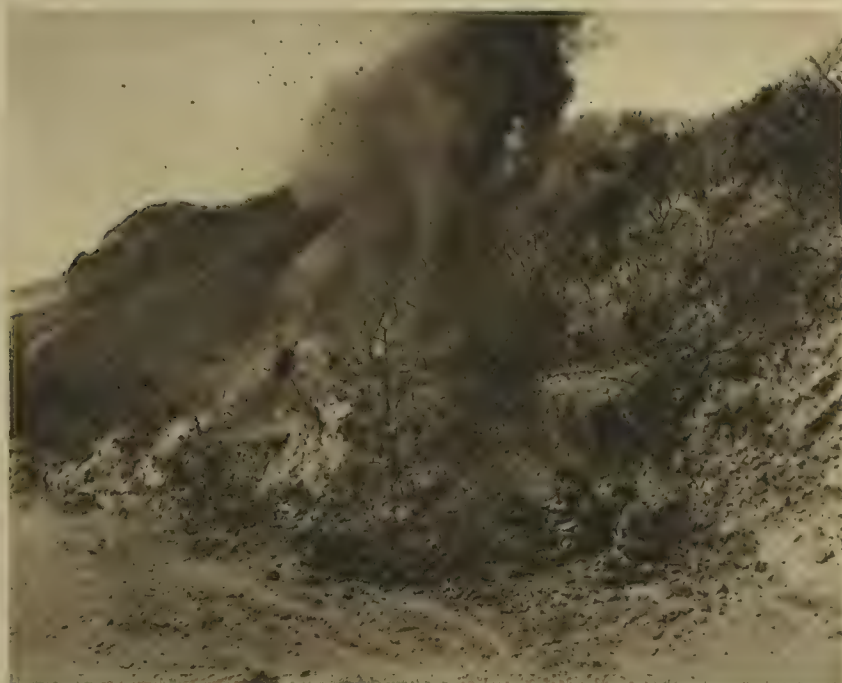
What I find so fascinating about all this is that, allowing for a French artist's pardonable exaggeration, this London—a kind of Pluto's underworld—not only existed, but existed in the lifetime of men now living. Sir Winston Churchill was alive when Doré's pictures were drawn; so was my mother. It was the year, too, when my father first came to live in London, and I can well remember, in my own boyhood, his describing to me his sense of horror at so many of the sights of that London: its roughness, drunkenness and suffering, its terrible underworld and slums. There was, of course, another side to it which Doré's pencil also portrays: the summer scene, beneath the majestic trees of the Row, of fashion and wealth in Hyde Park, then, except on rioting Saturday and Sunday afternoons, a preserve of the rich and elegant; the cockaded, powdered footmen, seated in interminable pairs on the boxes and standing in equally interminable pairs behind the coaches of the nobility; the proud, parasolled, bonneted beauties reclining in their quilted carriage seats; the procession of magnificent horses, rearing their brassy-crowned heads and tossing their manes in the clouds of dust they raised. Yet even the enchanting girls in their draperies and Grecian-bends, playing croquet against a background of trees and a young crescent moon in some great lord's garden—"La Partie de Croquet dans un Jardin de Belgravia"—are shrouded in a kind of fog: a fog which both divides and yet unites them with the pathetic, ragged, beautiful, doomed wraiths of slum-children dancing, in a moment of wistful gaiety and rhythmic abandon, round an itinerant hurdy-gurdy grinder. For Doré's London, my grandfather's London, was of a piece and apart, as every age is of a piece and apart; and the divisions of thought and feeling that divide us from it are far greater in reality than those that divided the different and shockingly contrasted sections of its own society from one another. Froggy's Little Brother and Little Lord Fauntleroy, utterly different though their worldly circumstances were, and though they never met, except as strangers, would have had far more in common with one another than with their

self-confident, proletarian and decayed aristocratic counterparts of to-day. They were bound together by modes of thought and feeling that are alien to us: by their belief in private property, in the rule of every man for himself, by their absolute and unshakable faith in the inescapable responsibility of the individual, here and hereafter. It is almost inconceivable, looking at these pictures—still faintly shadowed in the reality of my own early memories—that a world so strongly founded, so sure of itself, should have vanished so swiftly and completely, leaving behind only the brick and stones, the iron bridges and grimy towns it created and that once contained it.

CLEARING A SOUTH COAST MINEFIELD: A WARNING TO PARENTS AND CHILDREN.



HOW TO CLEAR AN OLD MINEFIELD: ROYAL ENGINEERS EXPLODING A CHARGE IN FAIRLIGHT GLEN, NEAR HASTINGS, DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION OF MODERN METHODS.



IT IS IN PARTLY ERODED SLOPES SUCH AS THIS THAT LONG-LOST MINES CAN COME TO LIGHT AND BE A SOURCE OF DANGER, UNLESS CLEARED BY SAPPERS.



AN EXPLOSION OF FLAME-THROWER FUEL: A WARNING DEMONSTRATION OF THE EFFECT OF SEVERAL LAND-MINES



THE SAME EXPLOSION A FEW MOMENTS EARLIER. THIS EXPLOSION, WHILE DEMONSTRATING THE EFFECT OF SEVERAL MINES, ALSO SERVED TO CLEAR A DENSELY SCRUBBY AREA.



A NEW TYPE OF MINE-DETECTING APPARATUS. THIS IS CALLED A LOCATOR AND IS CAPABLE OF FINDING MINES 5 FT. BELOW SURFACE AND MORE.

The photographs reproduced on this page were taken during recent mine-clearing operations by sappers of the Bomb Disposal Unit, Royal Engineers, in part of Fairlight Glen, near Hastings. This particular area was hurriedly laid with mines in 1940 and the officer in charge was blown up with the plan in his possession. In recent years mines have been found in this area and the authorities accordingly decided on a complete clearance of this very difficult and overgrown terrain. Drastic measures have been necessary,



A GROUP OF ROYAL ENGINEERS LOOKING FOR MINES AT THE CLIFF FOOT. THE LEFT-HAND SAPPER IS USING A MARK IV DETECTOR.

but four mines have already been found, and it is believed the ground will soon recover its beauty through natural regeneration. The War Office are issuing again a warning to parents and children. Ploughing may bring up a deeply buried missile; the sea may wash up an unexploded mine; and these objects may be fatally dangerous. The safest course is:—(1) Do not touch any strange metal object. Tell the police. (2) Do not enter a firing range or a training area. These are clearly marked by fencing and warning notices.

"ROAD CLOSED FOR PRAYER": CALCUTTA SCENES DURING A MUSLIM FEAST.



FILLING THE GREAT LAWN IN THE MAIDAN: THOUSANDS OF DEVOUT INDIAN MUSLIMS KNEELING WITH THEIR HEADS TOUCHING THE GROUND, IN ATTITUDES OF PROFOUND DEVOTION, DURING PRAYERS WHICH ATTENDED THE FESTIVAL OF *IDU'L-FITR*, "THE BREAKING OF THE FAST."



BEHIND A ROAD SIGN WHICH IS UNUSUAL TO WESTERN EYES: MUSLIMS GATHERED TOGETHER TO PRAY IN A CALCUTTA STREET DURING THE FEAST OF *IDU'L-FITR*, WHICH IS OBSERVED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GREAT FAST OF RAMADAN.

These photographs were taken in Calcutta recently during the observance by Indian Muslims of one of the two principal feasts of Islam—*Idu'l-Fitr*—the "festival of the breaking of the fast," which immediately follows the ninth or the fasting-month Ramadan. It is celebrated with prayer meetings, as shown on this page; with banquets; the purchase of new

clothes and the giving of presents. In some regions it is also the practice to visit the tombs of deceased relatives at this time. During Ramadan absolute fasting is required each day and must extend "from the time when a white thread can be distinguished from a black one and until nightfall"—or from dawn until sunset.

NEWS ITEMS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS: A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS.

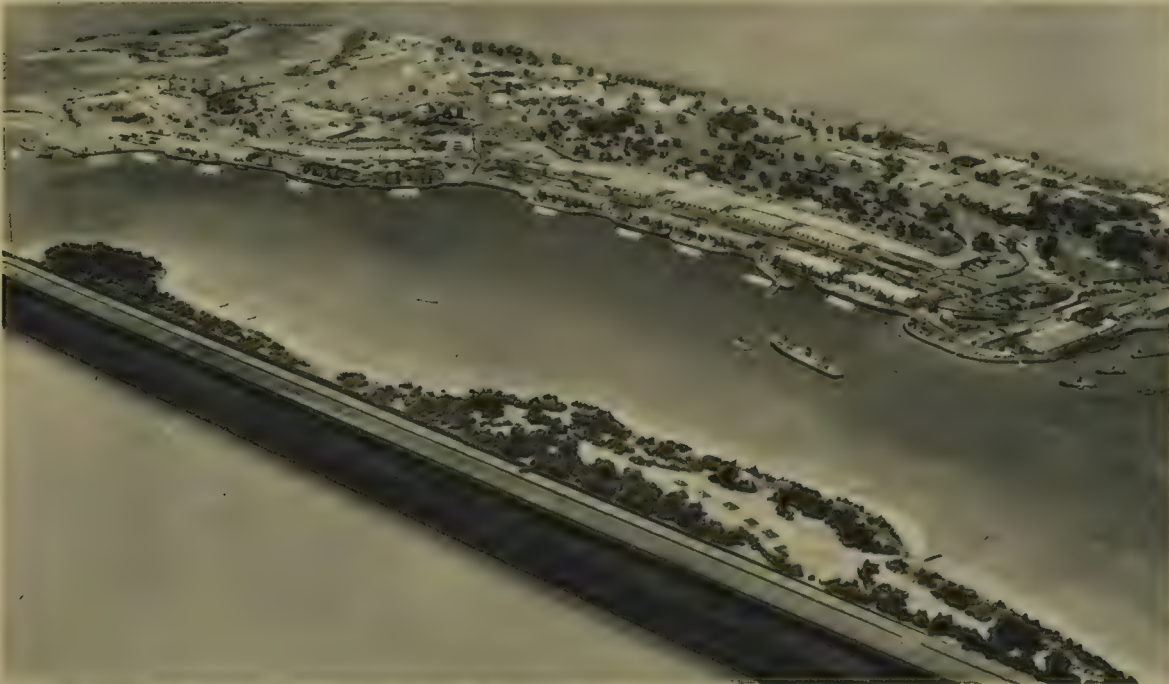


MARCHING THROUGH RABAT FOR THEIR FIRST PARADE: SOLDIERS OF THE ROYAL MOROCCAN ARMY, WHICH WAS FORMED EARLIER THIS MONTH, IN A PARADE ATTENDED BY THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AND LARGE CROWDS OF MOROCCANS.



ANGRY ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATORS IN ADEN: THE MOB HOLDING UP THE CAR CARRYING THE GOVERNOR AND LORD LLOYD.

When Lord Lloyd, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, arrived in Aden on May 11 the car in which he was travelling with the Governor, Sir Tom Hickinbotham, was held up by demonstrators.



ON VIEW IN LONDON: A LARGE MODEL OF MOMBASA, GIVING A FIRST-HAND IMPRESSION OF THE AREA NOW THAT THE PORT DEVELOPMENT SCHEMES OF THE LAST YEAR OR SO ARE NEARLY COMPLETE.



GERMAN WAR VETERANS BAREHEADED, AFTER LAYING A WREATH AT THE CENOTAPH, IN WHITEHALL. THEY WERE FORMER MEMBERS OF THE 116 PANZER DIVISION.



THE WHIRLING PLUME OF ONE OF A NUMBER OF TORNADOES WHICH STRUCK THE STATE OF MICHIGAN ON MAY 12.



TORNADO DAMAGE IN THE CITY OF FLINT, MICHIGAN, ONE OF THE WORST-HIT LOCALITIES. HERE FOUR PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND 136 INJURED.

On the night of May 12/13 several tornadoes swept through the States of Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas. The worst affected State was Michigan, with a number of fatal casualties in the cities of Flint and Ithaca, and very heavy damage to property. Six people were also killed in the outskirts of Cleveland, Ohio.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN LONDON; AND ITEMS OF NEWS FROM LAND, SEA AND AIR.



A REVOLUTIONARY NEW LINER WITH AN ALUMINIUM SUPERSTRUCTURE: THE NORWEGIAN-AMERICA LINE'S FLAGSHIP, *BERGENSFJORD*, LEAVING THE TYNE. This magnificent new liner of 18,750 tons gross was built by Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson at Wallsend-on-Tyne at a cost of £4,500,000. She was finished a month before the contract date, and her all-welded aluminium superstructure saves several hundred tons in weight.



THE BURNT-OUT RUINS OF A CONVENT REST HOME NEAR OTTAWA, WHERE AT LEAST 18 PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES AFTER A JET FIGHTER HAD CRASHED INTO THE BUILDING. Shortly before 11 p.m. on May 16 an R.C.A.F. CF-100 jet fighter crashed into a three-storey convent near Ottawa, used by the community of Grey Nuns of the Cross as a rest centre for nuns. Nearly all the inmates were asleep and the whole building was soon on fire.



AT THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIONAL SAVINGS MOVEMENT: H.M. THE QUEEN BEING GREETED BY THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR ANTHONY EDEN, IN GUILDHALL, ON MAY 15, WHEN SHE ATTENDED THE CELEBRATIONS.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST STABLE OCEAN-GOING CRAFT TO BE POWERED BY HIGH-TEST PEROXIDE: THE SUBMARINE H.M.S. *EXPLORER*. H.M.S. *Explorer*, now provisionally accepted by the Royal Navy from her builders, Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., is an experimental ship, carries no armament and is not operational. She is intended to provide information and training on the use of hydrogen-peroxide fuel, which is used only for special bursts of speed in attacking and escaping.



DURING THE EXERCISE "RUN AGROUND VII": A BEACH RECOVERY VEHICLE SURGING ASHORE DURING A DEMONSTRATION.

On May 14 an elaborate demonstration of amphibious warfare techniques, called "Run Aground VII," was staged at Eastney Beach, Portsmouth, chiefly for the benefit of the staff colleges of the three Services. All Services co-operated in this exercise.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET VISITING ONE OF THE CLASSROOMS OF DORTON HOUSE, THE SCHOOL OF THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE BLIND AT SEAL, WHICH SHE OPENED ON MAY 15. LEFT BACKGROUND, COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN.

LAKER'S TEN AUSTRALIAN WICKETS FOR 88 RUNS: AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE.



K. MACKAY, THE LEFT-HANDER, IS CAUGHT AT SLIP BY W. S. SURRIDGE OFF WHAT TO HIM WAS A LEG BREAK



C. C. McDONALD, AFTER SCORING 89, THE HIGHEST AUSTRALIAN SCORE OF THE INNINGS, IS CAUGHT BY R. SWETMAN, THE WICKET-KEEPER.



DURING THE OVER FOLLOWING THE TEA INTERVAL: R. R. LINDWALL IS BOWLED BY LAKER. HIS SCORE WAS 0.



THE NINTH WICKET TO FALL. EXCITEMENT BECOMES EVEN MORE INTENSE AS P. CRAWFORD IS BOWLED AFTER SCORING 16.



THE TENTH WICKET (J. WILSON) FALLS: LAKER, BOTTOM LEFT, AND THE REST OF THE FIELD SHOW THEIR DELIGHT.



HOW'S THAT! I. W. JOHNSON IS CAUGHT BY R. SWETMAN AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC APPEAL IS MADE. JOHNSON'S SCORE WAS 0.



CAUGHT AT SLIP: A. K. DAVIDSON, THE LEFT-HANDER, IS CAUGHT AT SLIP OFF LAKER BY P. B. H. MAY. DAVIDSON'S SCORE WAS 21.



WELL PLAYED! THE SURREY PLAYERS APPLAUD JIM LAKER AS HE WALKS BACK TO THE PAVILION AFTER TAKING TEN AUSTRALIAN WICKETS.

AN outstanding performance was witnessed by spectators at the Oval on May 16 when the Yorkshire-born Surrey spin bowler, J. C. Laker, took all ten Australian wickets for 88 runs in the match between Surrey and Australia. The wickets all fell within a total of four hours and twenty minutes, interrupted only by the intervals for lunch and tea. Afterwards, Lord Tedder, the President of the Surrey club, presented Laker with the ball. Laker's feat has been equalled only once before; by E. Barratt who, seventy-eight years ago, dismissed single-handed the first Australian team ever to visit England, also at the Oval ground. Laker's figures were: 46 overs, 18 maidens, 88 runs, 10 wickets, and the Australian total was 259. Lock, who was Laker's partner for 23 overs, conceded 100 runs but succeeded in keeping the initiative with his bowling. The afternoon recalled the innings in 1953 when the Australians, again facing the flighted turning ball of Laker and Lock, were all out for 162.

ON all hands it is admitted that deadlock has been reached in Cyprus. The British Government has apparently come to the conclusion that the only course open to it is to stamp out violence and terrorism. This may be physically possible, though there is no certainty about the matter. If the programme proves successful, the best to be hoped for is that the people will submit through sheer exhaustion and be left in a mood of sullen rancour, awaiting a new opportunity to strike. The situation has been bad since the deportation of Archbishop Makarios. It is now much worse. The hanging of two young Cypriots early this month, whatever view is taken on the action, has obviously made a solution more difficult and has helped extremists in Greece, already threatening to a Government accused of not being stiff enough in support of the Cypriot cause.

I propose, to start with, to set down briefly my own opinion on the fundamental issues. First, there is the question of the Base. I consider that it has considerable value in time of peace. I think it might prove useful at the opening of a war, but doubt whether it would long maintain its value in a major war. It seems to me more than probable that its efficiency would suffer from the fact of its being set amidst a hostile population. As regards the theory that the whole island is terrorised into resistance by a handful of ruffians, I find this impossible to believe. In such cases—Ireland after the First World War was a notable instance—extremists in arms always try to terrorise the neutral. Here the evidence is that, though terrorism may have had successes in this field, there exists, independently of it, deep and widespread resentment against the policy and actions of Britain.

Then, the rights of the case. Are we entitled to say that the importance of the Base justifies us in refusing to Cyprus rights which we are pledged to offer any community in the same position, and which we have accorded to other communities with lower civilisations? We might be in war, or if war seemed to be impending. Otherwise I do not consider that we are. But we are perhaps entitled to impose a trial period. Lastly, the question of the Turkish minority. I do not press the fact that this has been artificially stimulated, in Cyprus more than in Turkey, because it is rather beside the point. It is illogical, even immoral, to allow a minority of this size such a say in the matter as is given to the Turks. Nothing like it was ever allowed to the loyalist minority in Southern Ireland—our own people.

I could say more on these four points and add others, but I want to keep room to discuss the possibilities of a solution and set down my estimate of what terms might make it practicable. It would not have been difficult to find one two years ago, but mistakes made since on both sides have rendered the search baffling. It is not only a question of the temper of the Greek Cypriots. No one can deny that practicable terms would now involve for us a loss of dignity and prestige which we should not have suffered if we had offered similar terms even up to a year ago. The first step would naturally be to find Cypriot spokesmen, since we have exiled the previously accepted spokesman, and there is so far no successor, or successors, in view.

The first item on the programme would be a demand, not a concession. It would be the cessation of terrorism. This, however, is not a simple proposition. It would obviously be absurd

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CYPRUS: THE SEARCH FOR A WAY OUT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

to say that negotiations would be impossible so long as isolated individuals continued violent action. It would, however, be fair to demand a change in the attitude of the population. It would have to be induced to abandon both demonstrations

and the support of violent elements. It would then be our job—not an easy one—to protect it from reprisals. This demand would be coupled with an amnesty. There is no other way. I do not say that it must extend to those detained for particularly glaring acts of violence, but it would have to be very broad in character and scope.

Next would come a plan for self-government. The last one put forward possessed great merits. It was not on this matter specifically that the talks then broke down. But there is not much point in proposing self-government unless it is

made clear that it is a step to self-determination, which is now acknowledged to be the right of all. After a certain period the future of Cyprus should be decided by a plebiscite, for the conduct of which Swiss or Swedish aid might be asked, if that seemed desirable. It is not easy to decide how long the waiting period should be—anyhow, long enough to make sure whether or not the international situation were continuing to develop on the present lines, indicating that another world war is becoming more unlikely, and to prove that the Greek Cypriots were serious and sober. I should have thought that five years was long enough.

One must also consider the question of the large number of Cypriots in Britain. (Without them it would be hard to get a good meal in London at a late hour.) In the first place, those already in the country should, of course, be allowed to stay. I advance more diffidently the proposal that, presuming Cyprus eventually became Greek, they should be allowed to opt for British nationality. It is improbable that others would continue to come in in such large numbers as at present—or rather, until quite recently—but the catering trade to which so many belong is also recruited from several European countries. This problem has its own importance, but it is, I need hardly say, one of minor significance and no great difficulty by comparison with the vital task of securing a fair and peaceful settlement in Cyprus itself.

I cannot go into detail on the subject of the protection of Turkish Cypriot interests in the island. Political representation, religion, education, public employment, and other matters would have to be safeguarded. I am striving to keep bias out of the discussion, but I cannot refrain from adding here, in considering the prospects of *Enosis*, that the Greek record in the treatment of racial and religious minorities has been a high one. Nothing equally creditable in this respect is to be found in the modern history of the Balkans. And I repeat that it would not be justifiable to allow the Turkish Cypriots, and still less Turkey, to nullify the aspiration of the vast majority of the people of Cyprus. We have come dangerously near to doing so and to assuming that this is inevitable. This point of view I consider indefensible.

Nationalism is in the air to-day. I hold that many of its manifestations are unfortunate and would dearly like to see it restrained. But in the free half of the world restraint must be self-restraint, imposed by indigenous intelligence and prudence, not imposed by force from outside. We have been the champions of this faith. We cannot maintain so proud a record unless we apply our precepts to Cyprus, even if we feel it to be less convenient to do so there than elsewhere. I believe that we should find in the long run that this was an error and that we should best serve our interests by living up to our professions; wherever we are called on to do so.



PRESIDENT COTY AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO THE FRENCH ARMY OF 1914-1918 IN PARIS, MAY 13.

This memorial, the work of the sculptor Paul Landowski, was unveiled by the President of the French Republic, M. René Coty, on Sunday, May 13. It stands in the Place du Trocadéro and shows a symbolic figure of France in all her splendour, surrounded with figures typical of the Army of the First World War: infantrymen with rifle, machine-gun and entrenching tool, a *chasseur alpin* with a hand grenade, an artilleryman and a Spahi; and, on the right, a cloaked woman holding a naked, wounded man.



"TO THE GLORY OF THE FRENCH ARMY, 1914-1918": A MEMORIAL, BY THE SCULPTOR PAUL LANDOWSKI, UNVEILED IN THE PLACE DU TROCADERO, PARIS, BY PRESIDENT COTY ON MAY 13.



SAILING INTO HONG KONG HARBOUR IN AN AMPHIBIOUS JEEP: MR. B. CARLIN (STANDING) IS ON HIS WAY ROUND THE WORLD AND IS SEEN HERE WITH HIS COMPANION, MR. B. HENLEY. THE JOURNEY BEGAN IN 1950.



SAILING THROUGH THE STREETS OF HONG KONG: THE AMPHIBIOUS JEEP, *HALF-SAFE*. STARTING FROM CANADA SIX YEARS AGO, MR. CARLIN CROSSED THE ATLANTIC TO NORTH AFRICA: FROM THERE HE TRAVELLED TO ENGLAND VIA SPAIN AND FRANCE.

A "LAST FLUTTER BEFORE SETTLING INTO DOMESTICITY": ROUND THE WORLD BY AMPHIBIOUS JEEP.

The idea of travelling round the world in an amphibious jeep first occurred to Mr. Ben Carlin in 1946. He regarded the journey as a "last flutter before settling into domesticity," and at the time thought it would last only twelve months. He has, however, been involved in the undertaking ever since, and even now is only half-way round the world. When the ocean-going jeep arrived in England in 1951, approximately one year after

leaving Canada, it had to be completely rebuilt. This was after crossing the Atlantic via the Azores and Madeira, and travelling through North Africa, Spain and France. Mr. Carlin has related his adventures during this part of the journey in his book "Half-Safe." The route planned for the last lap, from Hong Kong to Montreal, is via the Philippines, Japan, the Aleutians and Alaska.

ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN PAST.

"THE RISE AND FALL OF MAYA CIVILIZATION," By J. ERIC S. THOMPSON; AND "INCA ADVENTURE," By BERTRAND FLORNOY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN I was a small boy I read Prescott's histories of the Conquest of Mexico and the Conquest of Peru. The behaviour of the Spaniards, in either country, my infant mind did not entirely approve. But I drew a distinction. The Peruvian civilisation seemed comparatively gentle, an economically Socialistic affair, with hereditary privileged nobles, such as may still develop out of the Russia of our day; as our own evolving civilisation may result, in my grandchildren's time, in a "classless Socialist society" (Mr. Gaitskell's Utopia) dominated by the third Earl Attlee, the third Viscount Bevan of Merthyr Tydfil, the third Lord Citrine, and (for some concessions must be made to the intellectual aspects of the national genius) the third Lord Littlewood of Poole—unless, indeed, all those unborn babes have turned into Conservatives, as the custom is. In Mexico the Spaniards encountered something very different from Peru. A small, tough contingent of warriors, some out for mere loot and dreams of Eldorado, some for fighting adventure, some for the spread of the Gospel, and all helped on their way by native allies, found something which shocked even them. The Incas were Quakers compared with the Aztecs. In Mexico the Spaniards found pyramids built for human sacrifice, and pyramids of human skulls. They were revolted, and they reacted. But they didn't fully realise, and for many generations scholars didn't realise, that the enormous country now called Mexico was not inhabited by one sort of men only, but by a number of diverse communities, each with its separate customs.

There is a map of the "Maya Area" in Mr. Thompson's thorough, scholarly, and fascinating book. It covers Yucatan and a part of Guatemala, and marks sites. But it doesn't relate the past to the present: Belize is not marked, though British Honduras is the main centre of Maya research. Modern exploration, digging, and cutting through jungles to unveil early monuments, gigantic temples and exquisite carvings, has discovered the Maya Civilisation, as a thing in itself.

The thing went: the Aztecs or the Toltecs conquered it. The Maya were remarkable builders. Their priests, accumulating information from generation to generation, predicted the eclipses of the sun and the moon: the mathematical calculations in this book are frankly bewildering. The Aztecs swarmed over the Maya land as other people, in our time, have swarmed over other lands.

The Maya were a comparatively kindly people. They never wanted to conquer for conquest's sake; they merely wanted to acquire captives, men, women and children (and especially children), for sacrifice to the gods, and throw them into the sacred lake, from which men still drain bones and pieces of broken carvings in jade—for it was supposed that the gods would be pleased if beautiful things were broken for them. For these kindly and tolerant people, whose descendants with the old, rather Semitic, physiognomies still live in their old regions, Mr. Thompson confesses an affection and admiration. His admiration for their earlier works it is impossible not to share. Gigantic stone structures (some before the invention of metal tools) were piled up, like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, with early Japanese-y inscriptions on them. Huge steles are still being unveiled in those almost impenetrable jungles, where the growing wood envelops and breaks and reduces to dust the imagined invulnerable stone. In this book there are many pictures of carvings and frescoes and buildings showing what the Maya could do before the warrior Mexicans got on their backs, and some

indicating what happened to them afterwards. But there is a great gulf between us and even those gentle Mayas.

There is a picture here of human sacrifice. A youth (the outline is worthy of Michael Angelo's drawing, it is here plausibly remarked) is exhibited on a slab. Two novices hold down his feet and two his arms, while a high priest, falcion in air, flourishes his smoking heart as a sacrifice to the rising sun. It is impossible for a European man, let alone a Christian man, to feel a contact with such abominations. Marvels of building these men did; marvels of carving and marvels of pottery; but everything they built was cemented with blood.

Scholarship, meanwhile, must go on. It behoves us to explore the vagaries of our kind in America, as elsewhere. It seems probable that

the whole of the American peoples, from the Iroquois to the Incas, came into the American Continent about 20,000 years ago: they all have a Mongolian look. In North America, for some undetermined reason, the wanderers remained nomads; in Central and South America they developed into settled populations, with strongly Asiatic propensities in art and unholy superstitions. The decline of these civilisations had begun long before the Spaniards arrived. The Mexicans pressed upon the Maya, but others pressed on the Mexicans. "The attacks," says Mr. Thompson,



MAYA "DOODLING": DESIGNS INCISED IN THE STUCCOED WALLS OF TIKAL ROOMS, PROBABLY BY BORED OR INATTENTIVE NOVICES.

Reproduced from "The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization"; by courtesy of the publisher, Victor Gollancz.

"of uncivilised tribes in the remote north were, I believe, the indirect cause of the eclipse of Maya civilisation, its gradual decline, and final collapse. Central Mexico, like the northern frontier of the Roman Empire, was exposed to the incursions of barbarians from the north (the Aztec was one of the later groups to arrive) and its people, in self-defence, had to accept a militaristic orientation of their culture. The transformation of the sun-god into a war-god was perhaps the first step. With the growth of a warrior class comes the theory that the sun needs human flesh to give him strength each morning, and with it develops the heresy that war is not solely a matter of defence, but is primarily to obtain food for the sun and, concomitantly, for the glorification of the warrior caste. . . . The new cult of war, we must suppose, spread southward like a blight, destroying or transforming the older and gentler cultural groups in its path."

There can't have been a clean cut between the Classic Maya civilisation and the new and more barbarous one: the beautiful and ghastly carving to which I have referred was certainly not produced by a people in æsthetic decline, however bestial some of their habits. Mr. Thompson conjectures that the Mayan masses may have been alienated from the ruling theocracy because of religious innovations and increasing militarism, or that "perhaps the priests, increasingly absorbed in the theories of the philosophy of time [they believed, like Mr. Chucks the Boatswain, in the cyclic recurrence of all things], began to lose the allegiance of the masses before foreign influences

widened the gap." Either way there was a cultural collapse and no recovery, and politically the area disintegrated into a welter of petty states in constant conflict. "The lack of stability and the submergence of old values in the centuries after the close of the Classic Period are reflected in the decadence of the arts. Sculpture, architecture, and ceramics degenerated, sinking with each change for the worse in political and religious life, to the pitiable level which the Spaniards encountered."

There are many photographs here of majestic monuments and exquisite details: there are probably a large number of remains still to be unearthed from the soil or even discovered in the dense jungles. The work is proceeding under the auspices not merely of local archaeologists but of others from North America: Mr. Thompson, though a reference to a debt he owes to William of Wykeham is not the only indication that this is his country of origin, dates his preface from Harvard, and works for the Carnegie Institution of Washington. What a major Mayan temple or palace looked like in its completeness must be largely a matter of deduction, or even guesswork. There are included here a number of imposing reconstructions, drawn by Tatiana Proskouriakoff. They are so very noble and convincing that one instantly thinks: "If they didn't look like that they ought to have done so."

M. Bertrand Flornoy, also, is a historian, an archaeologist and an explorer: he has made five expeditions to Peru and produces many impressive photographs and drawings of the works of the Incas. But his account of the history of the Inca Empire and the invasion by the Bearded White Gods from the West, who commanded the lightning (they had guns) and rode on monsters, which were a part of them (they had horses), may be not unfairly described as a summary digest of that large, laborious and honest book by the American Prescott, sometimes blind, usually having the use of but one eye, who had the archives of Spain ransacked for his endeavours to recover the history of the most civilised parts of the Hemisphere in

which he was born. The early authorities are mainly Spanish, and some of those regretted the un-Christian brutalities of the Christian conquerors. But for native evidence M. Flornoy, like Prescott before him, has to go to Garcilasso de la Vega, who was half Spanish and half of Royal Inca blood. Garcilasso passionately protested that his ancestors never indulged in the abominable practice of human sacrifice which was confined to the peoples they subdued. Prescott, although most eager to clear the reputation of an Empire which had so much to be said in its favour, in respect of social peace, communications, and distribution of land, was forced to the conclusion that human sacrifice, of boys and girls to the

sun, took place annually; M. Flornoy is forced to the same conclusion. Boys and girls were chosen annually from each "neighbourhood unit" (to use the revolting term of our modern planners), some were sacrificed outright, and some had their hearts cut out of their living bodies, and brandished smoking before the sun.

Majestic though some of these people's achievements were (and so were and are the Pyramids, built at who knows what cost of human suffering), I can feel nothing in common with them. Their heavy architecture expressed their minds: architecture is the best indication of the nature of any civilisation. Judging by the pictures I have seen of buildings shortly to be put up in London, I think that our own civilisation may be in a poor way. But, as Sir Winston said in a crisis of the "War," "Let us not repine."

M. Flornoy's book is beautifully translated by Winifred Bradford, who must evidently have had beautiful writing to translate.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 614 of this issue.



DATING FROM THE PRE-INCA PERIOD: A CHIMU CULTURE VASE. (Musée de l'Homme, Paris)

Illustrations reproduced from "Inca Adventure"; by courtesy of the publisher, George Allen and Unwin.

* "The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilization," by J. Eric S. Thompson. Illustrated. (Victor Gollancz and the University of Oklahoma Press; 21s.)

"Inca Adventure." By Bertrand Flornoy. Illustrations and Maps. (Allen and Unwin; 21s.)

AT OUNDLE SCHOOL (1).
A PUBLIC SCHOOL
WHOSE CURRENT QUATER-
CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS
ARE BEING GRACED
BY A VISIT FROM
H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER.

ON May 25, 26 and 27 Oundle School is holding its quatercentenary celebrations. It is not, however, celebrating the 400th anniversary of the foundation of the school but the 400th anniversary of Sir William Laxton's bequest to the Grocers' Company for the School at Oundle. The outstanding event in the programme of celebrations is the visit to the school by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arranged for May 26. The arrival of the Queen Mother was to be preceded by that of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with whom the Queen Mother was to stay at nearby Barnwell Manor. During her visit, the Queen Mother, herself an Honorary Freeman of the Grocers' Company, was to attend a service in the parish church; take luncheon with the Governors in the Great Hall; attend the dedication of the new chancel windows in the school chapel and open the new pavilion which Old Oundelians have given

[Continued below.]



PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN ANY PUBLIC SCHOOL: THE METAL SHOP, WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH MACHINES OF THE MOST UP-TO-DATE DESIGN.



FULLY EQUIPPED FOR CARPENTRY TUITION: THE WOOD SHOP, WITH ITS SIXTEEN DOUBLE BENCHES AT WHICH SOME THIRTY BOYS CAN TRAIN AT A TIME.



WHERE THE EMPHASIS IS ON ART AS A PRACTICAL AND CREATIVE ACTIVITY: THE NEW ART STUDIO WHICH WAS OPENED IN 1952.



IN THE WORKSHOPS: BOYS WORKING ON A ROLLS-ROYCE ENGINE FROM WHICH THEY LEARN THE PRINCIPLES OF INTERNAL COMBUSTION.

[Continued.]

to the school. The quatercentenary celebrations were arranged to coincide with the Old Boys' Reunion and some 1500 Old Oundelians were expected to be present with their friends and relatives. On this page, and on following pages, we reproduce photographs of life at Oundle and the Laxton Grammar School. Sir William Laxton, a native of Oundle, did not, in fact, found a new school, but he endowed and refounded an existing one when he left property in the City of London to the Grocers' Company on



WHERE BOYS DO PRACTICAL WORK IN MECHANICS, HEAT, LIGHT, SOUND AND ELECTRICITY: ONE OF THE FINE PHYSICS LABORATORIES.

the condition that they paid certain sums of money for the support of the school, which was "to be kept in the message or house of late called the Gylde of Fraternite house of Owndell." The present Grammar School bears its benefactor's name and Oundle School is a derivative branch which was established in its present form in 1876 when the Governing Body divided their school into two parts—the Laxton Grammar School, mainly for inhabitants of Oundle and its neighbourhood, and Oundle School, as a Public School.

AT OUNDLE SCHOOL (2). SOME SCENES AT



DATING FROM THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE SCHOOL BOOKSHOP IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF OUNDLE.



HYMN-SINGING IN THE GREAT HALL, IN WHICH MORNING PRAYERS ARE HELD ON CERTAIN OF THE WEEKDAY MORNINGS.



IN A CLOISTER ATTIC: THE MODERN LANGUAGES ROOM IN WHICH MANY FOREIGN PERIODICALS ARE KEPT.



A DAY-SCHOOL FOR THE INHABITANTS OF OUNDLE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD: THE LAXTON SCHOOL.



AFTER MORNING PRAYERS: THE STAINFORTH, WITH THE HEAD



HEADMASTER, MR. C. H. BOY, JOHN CLARK.



BEFORE MORNING PRAYERS IN THE GREAT HALL: BOYS LEAVING THEIR SCHOOL-BOOKS ON THE WALL OUTSIDE.



IN THE CLOISTERS: BOYS STUDYING SCHOOL NOTICES WHICH ARE POSTED HERE ON A SERIES OF BOARDS.



RELAXATION: A RECORD-PLAYER PROVIDES MUSIC FOR THREE BOYS IN THEIR STUDY IN LAUNDIMER HOUSE.



A FAVOURITE MEETING-PLACE: THE SCHOOL TUCK-SHOP, WHERE BOYS CAN BUY REFRESHMENTS DURING BREAK PERIODS.

The association between Oundle School and Laxton Grammar School is now a very close one and the Headmaster of Oundle School is Headmaster also of Laxton School, and the resident Master-in-Charge is responsible to him. The Laxton School, which serves as a day-school for the inhabitants of Oundle and its neighbourhood, derives its strength from its close contact with Oundle

School and enjoys the use of its laboratories, art room, music school, gymnasium, and so on. The history of Oundle, like that of many other English public schools, has had its periods of prosperity and of depression. In 1666 the school was closed for six months owing to an outbreak of "Plague," and in the same year the Great Fire destroyed all the house property of the Grocers' Company in London. In 1700 the school reached a low ebb, but by 1799 there were 97 boys. In 1848 Dr. Stansbury was appointed Headmaster and the school became very prosperous. When Dr. Stansbury retired in 1876 the Grocers' Company divided the school into two parts—Laxton Grammar School and Oundle School. In 1892 there were only 90 boys and a Headmaster was sought who would infuse new life and methods into the

A FAMOUS ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL.



WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER HAS ARRANGED TO ATTEND THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHANCEL WINDOWS: THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, WHICH WAS CONSECRATED IN 1933.



INSIDE THE CHAPEL: THE SCHOOL GATHERED TOGETHER FOR THE RECITAL OF MORNING PRAYERS.



AUSTERE BUT COMFORTABLE: A DORMITORY IN ST. ANTHONY'S—ONE OF THE SCHOOL HOUSES. THE OLDEST HOUSE IS CALLED NEW HOUSE.

school. Such a man was found in Frederick William Sanderson, "to whom God granted grace to revive this ancient school which is itself his memorial." When Mr. Sanderson died, in 1922, the numbers in the school had risen to 320 and there was a "waiting list" of such length that it was a source of untold worry to him in his latter years. Before his headmastership some science had been taught in the school, but it was little more than a sideline, and it was Mr. Sanderson who set out to show that just as literary studies had proved profitable for some boys, so for others science—in its widest sense—was the proper medium. The pioneer nature of Mr. Sanderson's science-teaching schemes attracted a good deal of outside attention and there are some people to whom the name Oundle suggests Engineering and Workshops,



LUNCH IN ST. ANTHONY'S. THE BOYS HAVE MEALS IN THEIR OWN HOUSES WITH THEIR HOUSEMASTERS.

and perhaps little else. In fact, Mr. Sanderson's constructive drive was put into everything and he never allowed any neglect of other subjects. Truly "by his vision and enthusiasm he transformed the life of the school, promoted its vigorous growth and enhanced its reputation." When he died, his successor, Mr. Kenneth Fisher, consolidated Mr. Sanderson's great work.

AT OUNDLE SCHOOL (3): BUILDINGS AND SOME SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.



THE FIRST EIGHT ON THE RIVER NENE. OUNDLE REACHED THE FINALS OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CUP AT HENLEY IN 1954 AND 1955.



NEAR THE NEW PAVILION WHICH THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRANGED TO OPEN: BOYS ENJOYING SOME CRICKET PRACTICE.



AN INDEPENDENT GRAMMAR SCHOOL CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH OUNDLE SCHOOL: THE LAXTON SCHOOL.



WITH THEIR ARMS FULL OF BOOKS: BOYS LEAVING CROSBY HOUSE FOR MORNING SCHOOL. THERE ARE ELEVEN SENIOR BOARDING-HOUSES



OUTSIDE CROSBY HOUSE: MEMBERS OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE AT DRILL PRACTICE ON THE PARADE GROUND.



MORNING BREAK: BOYS GATHERED IN THE SCHOOL CLOISTERS WHERE THE QUEEN MOTHER WAS TO BE GREETED ON HER ARRIVAL.

Oundle School, in the Northamptonshire market town from which it derives its name, has eleven senior boarding-houses, each of which is run separately so far as meals are concerned. For their first five or six terms boys are accommodated in prep-rooms, and then move into the greater privacy of studies, which are shared between several of them; they sleep in dormitories. The school buildings are not concentrated in one place, but stand in groups which are spread about the grounds. The Chapel, which was consecrated in November 1923, was built as a memorial to Mr. F. W. Sanderson and to

those Old Boys who died in World War I. The Ambulatory, with its seven windows which are the work of Mr. Hugh Easton, contains memorial tablets with the names of those who fell in both World Wars. The new Chancel windows, designed by Mr. John Piper and executed by Mr. Patrick Reyntiens, were to be dedicated in the presence of the Queen Mother on May 26. At present the school numbers some 650 boys and the Headmaster is Mr. Graham Henry Stainforth, who, in September, is to take up his new appointment as the first Old Wellingtonian Master of Wellington College.



HER MAJESTY WEARING THE FULL-DRESS UNIFORM OF COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: MR. EDWARD SEAGO'S FINE EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.

THIS equestrian portrait of her Majesty the Queen, painted by Mr. Edward Seago, R.B.A., was commissioned by the Coldstream Guards, and is now hanging in their Officers' Mess at Chelsea Barracks. It is to be exhibited at the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, during the first week of July, when the Royal Show is to be held in Newcastle. This fine portrait shows the Queen mounted on the famous chestnut, *Winston*, which she has ridden on a number of occasions at the Trooping the Colour ceremony.

Reproduced by courtesy of Colonel I. W. Gore-Langton, M.B.E.

NEVER PREVIOUSLY RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: THE COLOURFUL COURTSHIP OF THE CUCKOO WRASSE OBSERVED IN AN AQUARIUM TANK.



(FIG. 1.) FULLY ACCLIMATISED TO LIFE IN AN AQUARIUM TANK: A MALE CUCKOO WRASSE (*LOBIUS MACTANS*), SHOWING THE NORMAL COLORATION WHEN NOT BREEDING. THIS FISH WAS NEARLY A FOOT LONG.



(FIG. 2.) SHOWING THE NORMAL NON-BREEDING COLORATION AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS IN CAPTIVITY: A FEMALE CUCKOO WRASSE, WHICH IS SMALLER THAN THE MALE.



(FIG. 3.) PRODUCING A SHALLOW DEPRESSION TO SERVE AS A NEST: THE MALE WRASSE, IN BREEDING CONDITION, LYING ON HIS SIDE AND VIGOROUSLY FLAPPING HIS TAIL TO WASH AWAY SAND.

There are few more brilliantly coloured fishes to be found in British seas than the Cuckoo Wrasse (*Lobius mactans*). This species is almost always on show in the aquarium at Plymouth, where this remarkable series of colour photographs of the courtship of the Cuckoo Wrasse was taken by Dr. Douglas P. Wilson, who writes:—"A hundred years ago the Cuckoo Wrasse was also commonly called the Cook Wrasse, and until about that time the two sexes had been regarded as distinct species. This is hardly surprising, for unlike most British marine fishes the male and female are completely different in their coloration. The male is yellow or orange with blue bands on head and body, the female pinkish with three black spots alternating with light-coloured patches on the back near the tail. This normal coloration is to be seen in Figs. 1 and 2; the colours are often more vivid in recently caught and physiologically disturbed fishes, and after death, than in healthy specimens fully acclimatised to life in aquarium tanks. Cuckoo Wrasse are found all round our shores, being particularly common in the south-west; they range from

the Mediterranean to Norway, frequenting rocky coasts and feeding on crabs and other crustacea. Sea-anglers often take them and they are sometimes trapped in crab and lobster pots, which they enter for the bait and for the small crabs already within. The flesh of the Cuckoo Wrasse is little esteemed, and the maximum length of the fish is about a foot. In the aquarium at Plymouth in April last year two males and three females shared the same tank. Then in early May one of the males was found dead, all the indications being that he had been killed by the surviving male. There had been instances before when a newly arrived male had been killed by one already in possession of the tank. On this occasion the triumphant male was showing especially vivid coloration and it was not long before it became evident that he was in breeding condition. There appear to be no accounts of the breeding of the Cuckoo Wrasse and it is probable that it has not previously been observed. It was, therefore, with eager anticipation that further events were awaited. During succeeding days nothing unusual happened until after about 6 p.m.

(Continued below.)



(FIG. 4.) THE MALE WRASSE, RESPLENDENT IN BREEDING COLORATION, CHASING A FEMALE, WHICH IS ALSO MORE BRIGHTLY COLOURED THAN DURING THE NON-BREEDING MONTHS.

(Continued.) when on many, but not all, evenings during May the male would make a nest and endeavour to attract a female to it. The nest was a crude affair, merely a depression in the coarse sand formed by the male turning over on his side and flapping vigorously with his tail (Fig. 3), sending the sand flying until he had uncovered a small area of the slate floor of the tank. After making the nest the male, now highly excited, would repeatedly swoop at, chase and often bite the females (Figs. 4 and 5), going from one to another as each in turn only made efforts to avoid his attentions. It seemed that the females,



(FIG. 5.) THE MALE WRASSE, RESPLENDENT IN BREEDING COLORATION, CHASING A FEMALE, WHICH IS ALSO MORE BRIGHTLY COLOURED THAN DURING THE NON-BREEDING MONTHS.



(FIG. 6.) THE MALE'S COURTSHIP COLOURS ARE VIVID EXCEPT ON HEAD AND SHOULDERS, WHERE A STRANGE BLANCHING TAKES PLACE.

(Continued.) although in brighter dress than usual, were not quite ready to spawn, although on a number of occasions after being attacked one would follow the male to his nest. When this happened his attack ceased and he appeared to be wildly excited and, with all fins fully spread, and his colours more vivid than ever, he would display himself to her (Figs. 7 and 8) with strange sideways jerkings of head and shoulders, continuing thus so long as the female was near him. Unfortunately she soon lost interest on each occasion and swam away, immediately to be attacked once more; sometimes she would go back again, but never at any time was there shedding of eggs or milt. The most unexpected and astonishing feature of this courtship display was the appearance on the head and shoulders of the male of a large whitish patch (Figs. 6, 7 and 8). Here at the height of excitement the normal striping remained only faintly visible. During the day this blanching area was scarcely discernible from the area of skin immediately surrounding it, but blanching would take place while the male was nest-making (Fig. 3) and in the excitement of chasing



(FIG. 7.) POISED ABOVE HIS NEST: THE MALE IN COURTSHIP DISPLAY SPREADS HIS FINS AND SWIMS SLOWLY AND JERKILY.

and biting the females, although during the latter activity it was not always fully developed (Figs. 4 and 5). The blanching area embraced the front portion of the dorsal fin (Fig. 3), but the blanching extended only a little way up the fin membrane (Figs. 6, 7 and 8). So severely were the females bitten and marked by the male that they had eventually to be rescued and transferred to other tanks. Now and again one would be returned in the hope that she had in the meantime reached maturity and would spawn, but none did. All breeding activity ceased in June, when drastic cleaning measures had to be undertaken to clear the tank of fish-lice." Dr. Wilson, whose photographs and observations on the courtship of Cuckoo Wrasse appear on these pages, is a professional marine biologist who has been engaged for many years on research work at the world-famous Plymouth Laboratory of the Marine Biological Association. He has long been regarded as an outstanding photographer of living marine animals, and a number of his photographs have appeared in *The Illustrated London News*.



A FRANKISH PRINCE'S HELMET OF 1350 YEARS AGO: THE MAGNIFICENT MORKEN HELMET, OF GILT BRONZE WITH AN ELABORATE FRIEZE, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN A LARGE TOMB WEST OF COLOGNE.

As a result of large-scale surface coal-mining in Western Germany to the west of Cologne, the village of Morken was due to be destroyed, including the church of St. Martin. Beneath this church, as described by Dr. K. Boehner elsewhere in this issue, the large tomb of a Frankish chieftain was discovered, the most notable among the grave goods being the helmet reproduced above. It dates from about A.D. 600 and it is probably of Northern Italian workmanship. The framework consists of six bronze

plates, linked by oval bronze plates, also gilded and richly decorated. Under these, iron plates are riveted; and several sword dents show that the helmet, though richly ornamental, was worn in battle. The boss at the top no doubt originally carried a coloured plume. On the frieze at the base of the helmet is a series of designs in relief: human heads between lion-like monsters, and a grape-vine design with little birds. The actual height of the helmet is 7½ ins. (20 cm.), and the chain mail neck-guard is modern.

From a colour photograph by W. Haberey.

A FRANKISH PRINCE OF 1350 YEARS AGO, BURIED WITH A SPLENDID GILT-BRONZE HELMET: A RICH GRAVE DISCOVERED IN WESTERN GERMANY.

By Drs. K. BOEHNER and A. HERRNBRODT, of the *Rheinisches Landesmuseum, Bonn.*

AS a result of the extensive opencast mining operations in the brown-coal area of the Rhineland, west of Cologne, many prehistoric and ancient monuments are being destroyed that have hitherto been preserved in this area—which is very rich in cultural associations. Huge excavating machines here achieve an immense daily output, and coal is won down to a depth of about 840 ft. (250 metres). In co-operation with the brown-coal industry in the Rhineland, the *Rheinisches Landesmuseum* (which belongs to the Rhineland Preservation Society) is making every effort to examine all the endangered monuments before their destruction by the excavating machines.

In the course of these efforts the mound, known as the "Husterknupp," which lies in the valley of the Erft, was excavated between 1949 and 1951. As a result it was possible to elucidate most of the details of its development and construction during the ninth century. The records tell us that this mound was once the seat of that famous Rhineland noble family, the Counts of Hochstaden. About a kilometre (five-eighths of a mile) to the south-west of the "Husterknupp" lies the village of Morken, on the western edge of the Erft valley. The church of this village was built on a narrow tongue of land jutting somewhat out into the valley from the terraces on either side. Several factors lead to the conclusion that this church was built on the site of an older Franconian burial-ground after the Franks were converted. Among these factors are traces of settlement in Frankish times, at the foot of the hill on which the church stands, the early dedication to St. Martin, and the position of the church on an eminence above the valley, which is typical for churches founded in Frankish-Carolingian times. In addition it can be argued that the inhabitants of the Frankish settlement below the church at Morken, who dwelt in the Norman towers of the late ninth century, built the mound of "Husterknupp" in the marshland of the Erft valley as an additional protection. Similar conjectures may also be made about countless other water forts in the Rhineland.

In the spring of 1955 the excavations at Morken (which are still in progress) were begun in the knowledge that the village would shortly disappear in the face of the brown-coal mining operations. The conjecture that the church had been built above a Frankish burial-ground was soon proved to be correct, as several Frankish graves of the sixth and seventh centuries, complete with the usual weapons and utensils, were discovered. But it came as a great surprise when, in the interior of the later church of St. Martin, was found an exceptionally large burial chamber, 6 ft. 6½ ins. (2 m.) wide and 9 ft. 2½ ins. (2.80 m.) long. It contained the body of a man with an outstandingly rich range of grave goods. This body had not been buried in a simple coffin, as was usual among the Franks; but a grave chamber of oak boards had first been constructed and into this the oak coffin of the deceased had been lowered. With the aid of the surviving portions of the wood it was possible to make an approximate reconstruction of the original burial (Fig. 1). On the right of the

skeleton, of which only the skull and a few hollow bones remain, lay the long two-edged sword. There were still a few fragments of the wooden scabbard and beside it there lay a meerschaum button with cellular bronze ornament and garnet inlay (Fig. 4) which was obviously originally attached to the sword frog. On the right arm lay two knives and a tinder-iron. A rare piece is the belt buckle (Fig. 6), which was probably made in a Rhineland workshop. It is made of iron inlaid



(FIG. 1.) A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE GRAVE OF THE FRANKISH PRINCE OF ABOUT A.D. 600 RECENTLY DISCOVERED DURING THE DEMOLITION OF THE ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH AT MORKEN, WEST OF COLOGNE.

In this grave, the oak coffin was laid in a large oak-boarded chamber. Beside the body lay a two-edged sword and leaning against the coffin an iron-bossed shield. In the chamber lay a gilt-bronze helmet (reproduced in colour elsewhere in this issue) and a number of weapons, items of harness, a wooden bucket and remains of food, together with a glass tumbler, and a comb.

with silver and brass. One end of it is in the form of a human mask, above which two markedly stylised animal heads emerge from the top of the buckle. The silver tongue of the buckle is of especially beautiful workmanship, and also consists of a human mask inlaid with garnet and placed between two bird's heads with large bent beaks. The symbolism of this mask is probably a form of protective magic. Just as the birds threaten the mask, but are unable to destroy it, so the wearer of the buckle is threatened by the evil forces

which surround him, but can not be destroyed by them. In the mouth of the dead man there lay as Charon's tribute a gold coin of the Byzantine Emperor, Tiberius Constantinus (A.D. 578-582) (Fig. 2). As the rest of the grave goods belong to the period around 600, the coin obviously entered the deceased's possession as valid currency. At the foot end of the coffin stood the buckler, of which the iron boss (Fig. 7) and the hand-grip (Figs. 3 and 5) have survived. The grip of the buckler ends in bronze animal heads, which prove the buckler to have been the work of a sixth-century Scandinavian armorer.

The most valuable piece in the grave is the helmet, which lay next to the coffin at the foot end of the chamber (Fig. 1 and Colour Supplement in this issue). Its frame consists of six bronze plates. Between these there are other oval bronze plates, also gilded, and richly decorated with embossed patterns. Under these, iron plates are riveted. The boss at the top of the helmet originally carried a coloured plume, which naturally has disintegrated. On the frieze at the base of the helmet—above the neck guard as well as above the forehead—there is again a protective-magic group of human masks standing out between pairs of lion-like monsters. Between these there are grape-vines with grapes and little birds, such as are often used in representations of the Biblical Paradise. The helmet is probably the work of a northern Italian workshop. Several sword dents show that the helmet not only served its owner as an ornament but was also of real use to him as protection in battle.

At the other end of the chamber, the head end, the dead man's green glass beaker was lying next to the coffin (Fig. 9). As with most Frankish vessels it can only stand on its open end and not on the rounded base. This form of glass probably owes its design to the pleasant custom of draining your drink at one draught. Next to the glass stood a bronze basin (Fig. 8) in which were found several fragments of fabric, including some of silk. Near by lay the battle-axe or *Franziska* (i.e., the Franconian), scissors, a small earthenware pot and a large whetstone for sharpening swords and knives. Also buried with the dead were some horse harness and a wooden bucket, beside which was found a simple spit. At the end of the chamber lay the iron tips of three spears and a comb. Next to the helmet, at the foot end, were preserved some pork beef and chicken bones.

Despite the style of burial with quantities of grave goods, which has a pagan flavour, the dead noble in this grave was in all probability a Christian. Contrary to the usual custom of placing the body facing to the north—which was the custom in earlier Frankish times—this noble was buried facing to the east. Above his grave there was later built a church of St. Martin, which has remained the parish church of Morken until our day. The noble lord who was buried in the richly furnished grave of Morken lived at the time when the Frankish Empire was being shattered by the feud between the two Queens, Brunhilde and Fredegunde, which has been interpreted poetically in the *Nibelung Song*. The culture of the Middle Ages drew its origins from the fusion of Germanic and Christian elements at this period. At this time also there was formed that aristocratic class which later



(FIG. 2.) "CHARON'S OBOL": A GOLD PIECE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR TIBERIUS CONSTANTINUS (A.D. 578-582) FOUND IN THE MOUTH OF THE FRANKISH PRINCE BURIED AT MORKEN.

It is believed that the prince was Christian, although this pagan custom had been followed in his burial. As the remainder of the grave goods can be dated to about A.D. 600 it would seem that the coin was valid currency at the time of the burial.

HOW A FRANKISH PRINCE OF THE NIEBELUNG TIMES WAS BURIED: RICH GRAVE GOODS FROM MORKEN.



FIG. 3. THE HAND-GRIP OF THE BUCKLER FOUND IN THE MORKEN GRAVE. IT IS ENRICHED WITH BRONZE, AND THE ANIMAL HEADS AT THE ENDS SUGGEST THAT IT WAS THE WORK OF A SIXTH-CENTURY SCANDINAVIAN ARMOURER. (Length : 2 ft. 1½ ins. [0.65 m.])



FIG. 4. FOUND BESIDE THE PRINCE'S SWORD : A BUTTON OF MEERSCHAUM WITH A DECORATION OF CELLULAR BRONZE WORK WITH GARNET AND ENAMEL INLAY.



FIG. 5. A DETAIL OF THE END OF THE GRIP OF THE BUCKLER (FIG. 3), TO SHOW THE ANIMAL HEAD DECORATION IN BRONZE.



FIG. 6. THE MAGNIFICENT BELT BUCKLE : IRON INLAID WITH SILVER, BRASS AND GARNET. AT THE BOTTOM A HUMAN MASK, WITH, ABOVE, TWO HIGHLY STYLED ANIMAL HEADS ; AND BELOW THE LOOP, ANOTHER HUMAN MASK BETWEEN TWO BIRD HEADS. (Length : c. 4½ ins. [12.3 cm.])



FIG. 7. THE IRON CENTRAL BOSS OF THE BUCKLER WHICH WAS FOUND BESIDE THE COFFIN OF THE FRANKISH PRINCE. THE GRIP, SHOWN IN FIGS. 3 AND 5, BELONGED TO THE SAME BUCKLER. (Diameter : 7½ ins. [20 cm.])

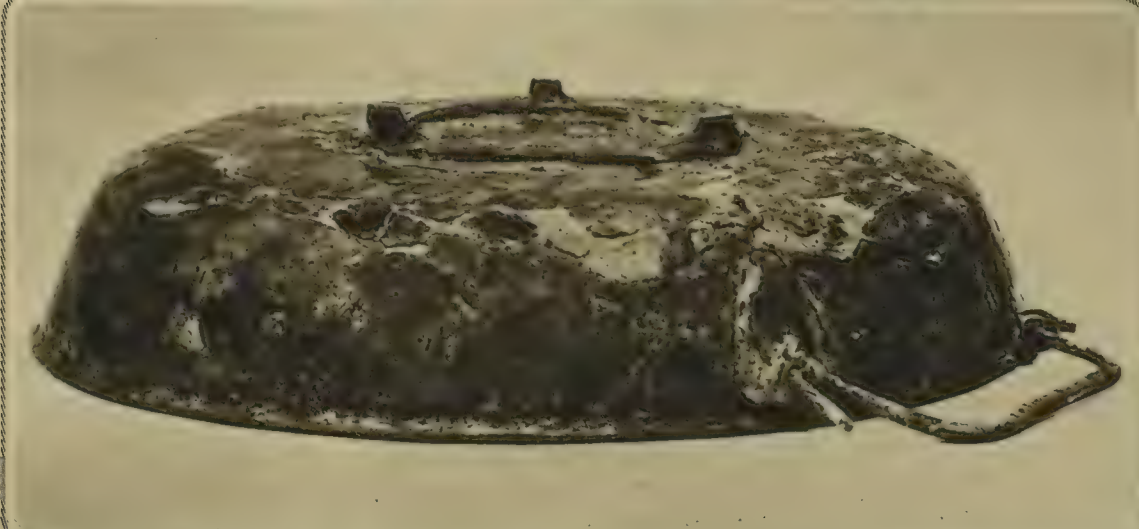


FIG. 8. THE BRONZE BASIN, FROM THE GRAVE, UPSIDE DOWN TO SHOW THE FEET. IT CONTAINED FRAGMENTS OF FABRIC, INCLUDING SOME OF SILK. (Diameter : c. 12½ ins. [32 cm.])



FIG. 9. THE GREEN GLASS TUMBLER FOUND IN THE GRAVE CHAMBER. LIKE MOST FRANCONIAN GLASS, IT CAN ONLY STAND ON THE OPEN END AND MUST BE DRAINED AT A DRAUGHT. (Height : 4½ ins. [12 cm.])

Continued.

repeatedly influenced political history; and it was to this class that the noble buried at Morken doubtless belonged. Even if it can not be definitely claimed that he was without doubt among the ancestors of the Counts of Hochstaden, it is very likely that it was from his castle, on the edge of the Erft valley, that the heavily fortified mound in the middle of the valley was built in the late ninth century. And above this mound was later erected the mound of the family

fort of the Counts of Hochstaden, the so-called "Husterknupp." The most important descendant of this famous line was Konrad of Hochstaden, Archbishop of Cologne, whose name will always be connected with the building of the Cathedral at Cologne. Thus the rich grave at Morken leads to the roots of the mediæval history of the Rhineland, not only from the point of view of religion and culture, but also from the political angle.

PAINTINGS OF THE BARBIZON SCHOOL: EXHIBITED AT A LONDON GALLERY.



"BORD DE L'OISE," BY CHARLES FRANCOIS DAUBIGNY (1817-1878), BY WHOM THERE ARE TEN WORKS IN THE BARBIZON SCHOOL EXHIBITION AT THE HAZLITT GALLERY, 4, RYDER STREET, ST. JAMES'S. (Panel; 14½ by 21½ ins.) (Signed and dated 1874.)

FOLLOWING the great interest aroused by their Barbizon School Exhibition last May, the Hazlitt Gallery, 4, Ryder Street, have again assembled some forty paintings of the Barbizon School, which are being exhibited at the gallery until June 8. Despite the omission of Millet, this exhibition gives a most valuable idea of the achievements of this important group of French landscape painters. Barbizon is a village in the lovely Fontainebleau country, some thirty miles south-east of Paris. Millet settled there in 1849, and was soon joined by Rousseau and Diaz. The other

[Continued below.]



"LA MARE SOUS-BOIS," BY NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PENA (1807-1876), WHO PRINCIPALLY PAINTED WOODLAND SCENES. THIS EXHIBITION AT THE HAZLITT GALLERY CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 8. (Panel; 15½ by 21½ ins.)



"LES PYRENEES," BY THEODORE ROUSSEAU (1812-1867). MILLET, DIAZ AND ROUSSEAU LIVED AT THE VILLAGE OF BARBIZON, AFTER WHICH THIS GROUP OF PAINTERS HAS BEEN NAMED. (Paper on board; 6 by 9½ ins.)



"BORD DE LA TAMISE A ERITH," BY DAUBIGNY. THIS PICTURE WAS PAINTED WHEN DAUBIGNY CAME TO LONDON IN 1866. A MUCH LARGER VERSION OF THE SAME SUBJECT WAS SHOWN IN LAST YEAR'S BARBIZON SCHOOL EXHIBITION. (Panel; 14½ by 25½ ins.)



"LA BARQUE," BY JULES DUPRE (1811-1889). THIS PAINTING WAS EXHIBITED AT THE 1871 INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN LONDON. (Canvas; 17½ by 23½ ins.)

[Continued.] painters who belong to the school named after the village often visited their fellow artists there. Inspired by the work of Bonington and Constable, these artists found their subjects in the beauties of the countryside. Though most of them met with nothing but scorn from their contemporaries, they in their turn had a very strong influence on some of the great Impressionists, who



"LE CANAL," BY CONSTANT TROYON (1810-1865), WHO IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS ANIMAL PAINTINGS. (Canvas; 18 by 21½ ins.) (Signed and dated 1860.)

were young men when they themselves were at the height of their power. At the beginning of this century the Barbizon School paintings were widely sought after by collectors, but in more recent years their popularity has been much eclipsed by the ascendancy of the Impressionists, whose debt to the artists of the Barbizon School is not often realised.



THE study of early drawings can become so absorbing a pursuit, its byways so cluttered up with recondite scholarship, that newcomers have been known to register alarm and despondency, in despair at the apparent impossibility of ever acquiring sufficient knowledge to enable them to weave their way around its numerous obstacles. They do not realise at first that some at least of



FIG. 1. "PORTRAIT OF ELINOR LEYLAND," BY JAMES ABBOT McNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903).

This is in the interesting exhibition of drawings at Messrs. Colnaghi's, 14 Old Bond Street, which is discussed by Mr. Davis in his article. The drawing was in the collection of Whistler's sister-in-law, Miss R. Binnie Philip. (Black and white chalks on buff paper; 11 by 7½ ins.)

these obstacles either exist only in the imagination or have been made to look more imposing than they actually are by the monumental and devoted labours of a host of commentators. The gist of the matter is simple enough. There are drawings made as ends in themselves, and drawings which are preliminaries to a more considered painting in oils or as notes of a peculiar turn of the head or of a cloud formation—the sort of thing Constable used to do on Hampstead Heath, jotting down the hour of the day.

You like or dislike the first category as you like or dislike a finished painting; with the second, in addition to your likes, dislikes and prejudices you may be able to establish a connection between the drawing in front of you and a finished picture. In each case, you gradually learn to distinguish between the handwriting, as it were, of one man and another, the styles of different periods, and so forth. Indeed, if you are not careful, you can become so knowledgeable about names and dates and attributions, so entranced by the fun of this very high-class game of detection that you cease to derive any enjoyment from the delicate beauty of line and shading and become a walking encyclopædia of fact and theory.

I once had the remarkable experience of sitting at lunchtime between two men, each devoted to his chosen passion to the exclusion of all else; the first was an Old Master Drawing addict, the second a golf maniac. They talked across me the whole

time, neither listened to the other, both of them were supremely happy—and so was I, for they were masters of their respective subjects—moreover the cooking was excellent and so was the wine. But most of us, however attracted we may be by the minutiae of scholarship, like to enjoy the "thing in itself" first of all without bothering our heads as to who was responsible for it—that can come later—and, like many another, I prefer to go round such an exhibition as that now to be seen at Colnaghi's—or higher up Bond Street at Wildenstein's—without a catalogue, pick out what interests me most, decide for myself who was the artist and for what reason, and then consult the catalogue—a scarifying and humbling experience

as a rule, though, in fairness to myself, I admit I'm less dim in these matters than I was a quarter of a century ago.

In the Colnaghi show a woman's head in black chalk (Fig. 3) seemed to me uncommonly good and obviously nineteenth century; though I couldn't put a name to it I guessed it was French and that it might have something to do with Delacroix. The other drawing—Fig. 2—which was impressive in a totally different way, at once miniature and monumental, was a scrap of paper 2½ by 2½ ins., obviously Flemish, obviously very early, and it could, at first sight, have been done by almost any of the fifteenth-century painters. That, I imagine, is as far as you and I can be expected to jump without further coaching. As we are unable to narrow down the quest by ourselves we might as well put our pride in our pocket and consult those who know; we then find that Fig. 2 is by Gerard David, that these heads have affinities with heads in the van Eyck masterpiece in the Cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent, which Gerard David must have studied soon after his arrival in Flanders from Holland in 1483, and that the influence of this famous picture is apparent in all David's early work. In short, almost before we realise it, by beginning with a purely casual glance at a singularly beautiful little drawing we are—if we care to pursue the subject further—enticed into a fascinating study of the work of Gerard David, in particular, and of that marvellous fifteenth century in Flanders, in general.

As to Fig. 3, it appears that my guess was not so very far out; this sensitive head is by Louis Boulanger (1807-1867), whom I confess I had never heard of, and he, it appears, was a romantic painter, and a friend of Victor Hugo, who thought the world of him. I doubt whether that extraordinary phenomenon Hugo is our best guide in the aesthetics of painting, but after coming across this drawing I must certainly find out more about Boulanger (whom I suspect of being better at drawing than painting) and also—for there's no

limit to the stimulus provided by these exhibitions—I must not delay further in reading M. André Maurois' recent book on Victor Hugo.

I have lingered over two drawings only in an exhibition of more than a hundred because they seem to me, in their very different ways, useful starting points for what, at its lowest, can be an enjoyable game, at a higher level a voyage of exploration in a universe which expands as you proceed. It is a very varied show, ranging from great names such as Gerard David, Dürer and Fra Bartolommeo to comparative unknowns like Boulanger and that excellent unpretentious English draughtsman Robert Hills, who is represented by a little water-colour of "Trees by a Stream."

A large Paul Sandby, "At Old Windsor," dated 1762, is as fine a thing of its kind as can be imagined, and there is a portrait of a woman by Thomas Rowlandson which is very nearly a "serious" painting—so nearly a "straight" portrait that one cannot help speculating upon what kind of success he might not have had in this field if his unusual gifts had not driven him in other directions. Among numerous unpretentious seventeenth-century drawings there are a neat little view near Antwerp by that nice man Valentin Klotz, a Dutch castle attributed to Jacob Savery, the father of the better-known

Roelandt, and two by Anthonie Waterloo. Sir Peter Lely is represented by a drawing which will, I hope, baffle others as well as myself; I said Dirk Hals, but it is signed with Lely's monogram and dated 1639, and turns out to be the earliest

known drawing by him, done at the age of twenty-one at Haarlem. He came to England and made his fortune two years later. Among the greater names, there is a lovely Gainsborough in black chalk and grey wash, touched with the pen and heightened with white—"Cattle Near a Cottage with Some Trees"—a well-known drawing, exhibited as long ago as 1927 in the Gainsborough Bicentenary Exhibition at Ipswich, two by Boucher in black chalk, "A Boy Nursing his Foot" and "A Boy Paddling," and a fine Greuze, "An Old Woman with Outstretched Arms"—black and white chalks—which appears to be a study for the famous Louvre painting "L'Accordée de Village." It is rare to see anything by Whistler in an exhibition—he is represented here by two drawings, each of them as slight and as sensitive as one could wish—"The Little Blue Cap" and "Elinor Leyland" (Fig. 1), the daughter of the Liverpool shipowner who was Whistler's patron and whom he abused so heartily.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AN EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTER DRAWINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



FIG. 2. "FOUR HEADS: TWO POPES, A BISHOP AND ANOTHER SAINT," BY GERARD DAVID. (c. 1460-1523).

This small drawing is derived from a famous altar-piece by van Eyck which influenced all David's early work. (Silverpoint on prepared ground; 2½ by 2½ ins.)



FIG. 3. "PORTRAIT OF MADAME CONIPA," BY LOUIS BOULANGER (1807-1867).

Mr. Davis considers this to be "uncommonly good." The "Exhibition of Old Master Drawings" at Colnaghi's continues until June 14. (Black chalk and stump; 11½ by 9 ins.)

A RICH SILVER RITUAL CASKET FROM THE WALBROOK TEMPLE OF MITHRAS.



FIG. 1. THE PATTERNED FILTER FOUND IN THE MITHRAIC SILVER CASKET, WHICH SUGGESTS THAT THE VESSEL WAS USED FOR RITUAL LIQUIDS.



FIG. 2. THE LID OF THE SILVER CASKET. NEAR THE HINGE ARE SHOWN TWO CRYPTIC RELIEFS OF A GRIFFON PERCHED ON A BOX OR CAGE.



FIG. 3. FOUND IN THE LONDON WALBROOK MITHRÆUM SITE IN 1954, BUT ONLY RECENTLY CLEANED AND POLISHED: A SILVER RITUAL CASKET WITH MULTIPLE RELIEFS. (2½ ins. high and a little over 3 ins. in diameter.)

In the autumn of 1954, when the discovery of a Mithræum on the Walbrook site in the City of London and the unearthing there of a remarkable collection of sculpture were front-page news, another item was found, somewhat apart from the sculpture and at a rather higher level, whose true nature was not at the time perceived. On May 10 this year, however, Professor W. F. Grimes (in collaboration with Mrs. Audrey Williams) presented a report to the Society of Antiquaries of London; and disclosed that cleaning and polishing had revealed that this object was indeed a Roman silver casket of great beauty and in good condition, and from its nature most probably connected with the Mithraic ritual. When found it was in a highly corroded state and its character only appeared after the cleaning. Its use is not certainly known but it is thought that, owing to the presence of an internal filter (Fig. 1) with a pattern of holes, it was probably employed in the preparation of one or other of the liquids used in the elaborate Mithraic ritual. The principal feature of the casket is its elaborate



FIG. 4. SHOWING THE RELIEFS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE TO FIG. 3. HERE ALSO A GRIFFON APPEARS (RIGHT) WITH SCENES OF HUNTING AND FIGHTING BETWEEN MEN AND BEASTS IN A LANDSCAPE.

"all-over" relief ornament on the wall and lid, consisting of separate and unrelated subjects, most of which appear to be concerned with hunting or with combat between men, between men and animals, or between animals. The general style is that of the *venatio*, or hunting scene, as represented sometimes in late mosaics. Of particular interest are two scenes on the lid (Fig. 2)—near the hinge—in which winged eagle-headed griffons are shown with large boxes or crates. The significance of these is uncertain, but the same subject is represented in the now-famous mosaics in the fourth-century villa of Piazza Armerina, in Sicily, some of which were reproduced in colour in *The Illustrated London News* of November 26 last year. In those mosaics, too, the main subject was hunting, but the griffon's "box" was seen to be a cage or slatted crate in which a man was confined—perhaps some kind of trap. Quite apart from this enigma, which may have some mystical significance, hunting subjects in general would be appropriate to Mithras, who was often represented as a hunter.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT took me a long time to get the Lewisias into perspective as garden plants. I admired a few of the best of them, but always with the reservation that I did not

want them in the rock garden. In the end I woke up to the reason for this mild allergy. The trouble was—and still is—that I had spent so many holidays studying and collecting mountain plants in the high Alps—the European Alps—that such rock gardens as I made, planted and cultivated for my own pleasure became homes, almost exclusively, for Alpine plants. The slightly exotic-looking Lewisias failed to harmonise with the hard-bitten Alpines. Not that I have ever allowed myself to become a fussy purist in this matter. I have welcomed quite a number of plants which are not true Alpines to come and live in peaceful co-existence with my primulas, gentians and silver saxifrages: *Morisia hypogaea*, for instance, from sea-level in Corsica, and *Oxalis enneaphylla* from sea-level in the Falkland Islands, and it was not because I happened to have made special journeys to collect these things that I could tolerate them hob-nobbing among the rocks with the true Alpines. Then, too, some of the dwarf saxatile pentstemons, such as *Pentstemon davidsonii* and its near relations, seem to fit in well enough. But the Lewisias, no. Not where Alpines of the Old World predominate.

This feeling that I have, and which I am sure is shared by many keen rock gardeners, especially those who have seen Alpines growing in their own high mountain haunts, is illustrated by a plant clash which is a common sight in many an Alpine village and in the struggling gardens attached to the high, remote, mountain hotels. All around there will be rocks, cliffs and screes; and lawns and meadows filled with gentians, anemones, pansies and the rest. And then, bang, one meets a "Dorothy Perkins" rose or a "Crimson Rambler." To me, at any rate, if these displaced persons were not so pathetic, they would, and in fact do, come as a horrible, jarring, anticlimatic shock. And so it is when I meet Lewisias in a predominantly Alpine rock garden.

In the "liquorice-all-sorts" type of rock garden it does not matter—the rock garden, that is, in which there are hardy fuchsias, gazanias, standard wistarias, double daisies, and even some bedded-out gentians. Here the Lewisias will mix well enough with the cosmopolitan crowd. But, alas, when I come to think of it, the majority of the rock gardens that I meet tend to be of this kind, so why all this pother? But for those who feel as I do about this matter, where else can the Lewisias be grown? I can suggest two admirable settings for them, the Alpine house and the wall garden. In the Alpine house these plants flourish and flower remarkably well. They appreciate the shelter from the frigid buffetings they might have to endure out on the rock garden. An excellent plan is to allocate a special section of the staging in the Alpine house to a collection of Lewisias, and build a small rock garden in which to plant them. On the other hand, well-flowered specimens of such species as *Lewisia cotyledon* and *L. tweedyi*, grown in pans or pots, make delightful room plants in the house—for the duration of their flowering period only. I suggest an Alpine house for this purpose, but any sunny, airy, unheated

PLACING LEWISIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

greenhouse will do perfectly well. In my own cold greenhouse I have grown Lewisias, together with primulas and other Alpines, as well as tomatoes and apple cucumbers, and a thoroughly cosmopolitan mix-up of "liquorice-all-sorts" vegetation.

But perhaps the best place of all for the majority of the Lewisias is a well-constructed

wall garden. For some years now I have been growing two species of *Lewisia* on a wall garden which is well enough in the wall sense, but far from satisfactory

from the garden point of view. It is the southern

face of a flight of stone steps which leads up to the loft of a big stone barn. In the face of this wall are many inviting deep cracks and crevices between the stones, where the mortar has perished. In some of the crevices plants have established well, especially *Erinus alpinus*, *Aethionema grandiflora*, and a couple of Lewisias. But unfortunately the hollow inside the steps appears to have been filled with rubble—and air spaces, and many of the crevices end after a few inches in air instead of soil, and so are no sort of home for plants other than perhaps house leeks. The two Lewisias have established themselves remarkably well, and one of them, *L. cotyledon*, flowers regularly and profusely. The other, *Lewisia tweedyi*, looks the picture of health and vigour, but for some reason best known—if known at all—to itself, has never flowered since it was planted there three or four years ago. Most odd! And disappointing, too, for I think *tweedyi* is by far the most attractive of all the Lewisias, with its loose rosettes of fleshy, spatulate leaves and big, waxy blossoms of soft apricot tipped with pink. A single specimen of *tweedyi* cropped up here, from seed, in my son's Alpine house in which the apricot colour is suffused all over with delicate pink. A most attractive break, and a couple of plants raised from seeds from the original rosy specimen are flowering now with exactly the same pink flowers. This raising of *Lewisia tweedyi* from seed reminds me that I think I must have been the first nurseryman in this country to raise the plant from seed. That was during the decade before 1914. In those days one could import roots of *L. tweedyi* from a professional collector in North-West America. Then, apparently, the American Government most wisely put an embargo on the collecting and exporting of *tweedyi* racket. Finding myself cut off from what, after all, was a rather unsatisfactory source of supply, I bethought me of the dear old simple legend of "the bees and the flowers." With a camel's-hair brush—I have never quite believed in the camel origin of paint-brushes—I got busy among my last remaining flowering *tweedyis*, and without difficulty secured a useful crop of seed.

For some reason or other this most beautiful of the Lewisias has acquired a reputation for being less hardy than the other species. As a test, I planted a specimen in the front of a bed of mixed shrubs and other plants in the open. The soil is rather poor and stony, and the aspect full south. That was two years ago. The plant looks ridiculously out of place, but that is not the point. It seems to have proved that *tweedyi* is, in some conditions, at any rate, far hardier than is popularly supposed. It has survived two winters without protection of any kind. No foolish little glass wigwams which are such a comfort to many nervous amateurs, and such a menace to plants, the majority of plants, which detest being coddled. My *Lewisia tweedyi* survived not only the severities of last winter, but the prolonged horrors of the spring that followed. To-day—tough soul—it is fairly bristling with pale apricot buds.



GROWING ON THE LEVEL IN OPEN GROUND: *LEWISIA TWEEDYI*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT FINDS A GOOD DEAL HARDIER THAN IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED.



AN ALPINE HOUSE SPECIMEN OF *LEWISIA TWEEDYI*—WITH "ITS LOOSE ROSETTES OF FLESHY, SPATULATE LEAVES AND BIG, WAXY BLOSSOMS OF SOFT APRICOT TIPPED WITH PINK."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

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WHICH PROSPECT DO YOU PREFER? A HOUSE WHICH TURNS AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON.



A HOUSE WHOSE UPPER STOREYS ROTATE ON THEIR CENTRAL AXIS: THE VILLA GIRASOLE, NEAR VERONA, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE DRIVE . . .

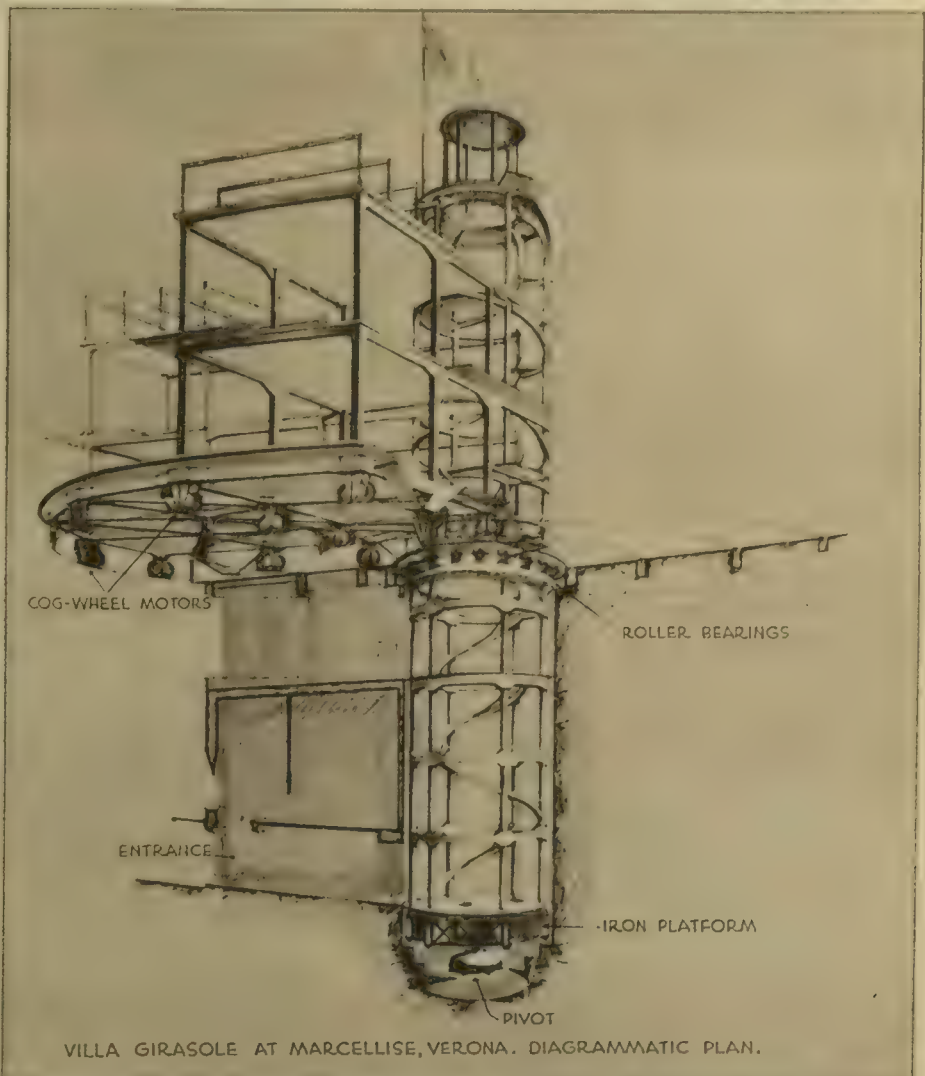


. . . AND THE SAME HOUSE, SEEN FROM THE SAME ANGLE, AFTER THE UPPER STOREYS HAD BEEN ROTATED THROUGH AN ANGLE OF 90 DEGREES.



THE UPPER TERRACE OF THE VILLA GIRASOLE, SHOWING THE BASE OF THE UPPER STOREYS, AND THE WHEELS AND TRACKS FOR ROTATION.

The revolving summer-house—a wooden construction which can be turned on its own axis to catch the sun or shade—is well enough known. An Italian engineer, Dr. Angelo Invernizzi, of Verona, has carried the principle somewhat further; and has designed and built at near-by Marcellise a house of which the upper storeys can be turned through the full circle of 360 degrees. This house, named the Villa Girasole—from the sunflower's habit of turning to face the sun—is generally circular in form. The lower section stands firm, and in its centre is a cylindrical column which carries a lift shaft, and also, continuing upwards, serves as an axis for the upper section of the house.



VILLA GIRASOLE AT MARCELLISE, VERONA. DIAGRAMMATIC PLAN.

A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF THE MOVING PARTS OF THE VILLA. THE CENTRAL COLUMN, BESIDES SERVING AS AN AXIS, ALSO CONTAINS A LIFT.

The base of this upper section rests on a number of wheels which run on two circular tracks on the roof of the lower section; and these wheels are powered by two motors with a combined force of under 3 h.p. At a touch of a button this machinery can be set in motion, and the upper storeys begin to rotate, a complete rotation of this half through 360 degrees taking about eight hours to complete—an operation which offers many advantages to the householder, but which can gravely daunt an unsuspecting onlooker. There is much to be said for a room which commands a view of the sunset or the dawn, in accordance with the occupier's whim.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"NOCTURNAL" AND "DIURNAL" ANIMALS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A FEW weeks ago, it was reported in the Press that there had been 200 heath fires in the county of Surrey in one day. One of these was no more than half a mile from my house, so that I can speak at first-hand of the devastation, not only to plant-life of all kinds, but also to animal life. There are, in fact, few more pitiable sights than a sitting bird forced off her nest by the advancing flames—scared, anxious, helpless. Incidentally, I am highly sceptical of the suggestion that these fires result from broken glass focusing the sun's rays on to dry grass. Whether the fires are caused by matches, cigarette ends, broken glass, or by natural causes does not lessen their destructiveness, and as a measure of this, on the day in question, a number of foxes were seen escaping through the smoke and, later, several badgers were found dead, burned to death, among the ashes of bushes and low vegetation.

Anyone experienced in real forest fires will regard these events in Surrey as relatively unimportant, as indeed they are. My intention in referring to them is concerned with a different theme. Ernest Neal, in "The Badger," the authoritative work on this animal, tells us that: "Badgers, when undisturbed, emerge from their setts at very regular times; this is especially true between March and November. . . . After May, however, badgers tend to come out in much broader daylight, due, no doubt, to the shortness of the night necessitating an early start for feeding. . . ." His graphs indicate that the times of emergence from the sett are from an hour and a half, in winter, to half an hour, in summer, after sunset.

Soon after the occasion of the heath fires already mentioned, which occurred on April 9, I was on a bus passing a garden a mile from my home. In the garden were five tame badgers, all out and active, two hours at least before sunset. Admittedly, animals in captivity tend to develop unnatural habits. Therefore, I must quote from a conversation with a gamekeeper. This took place just after the heath fires had occurred, and I was expressing surprise at the badgers having been caught napping by the fires, because they are so essentially nocturnal. His reply was immediate and categorical: "Oh, they are often about during the day."

Ernest Neal has made such a thorough-going study of badgers, and is such a sound observer, that I would hesitate to offer any alternative to his findings. On the other hand, the pattern of our knowledge in relation to several other animals is sufficiently awry to make me wonder whether some adjustment may not be necessary, even in regard to badgers. For example, harvest mice are usually labelled "nocturnal," but there is strong reason for supposing them to be neither diurnal nor nocturnal. They appear to have a rhythm of activity throughout the twenty-four hours of night and day, with alternating periods of activity and rest. Other small mammals, some of which are labelled "diurnal" and others of which are said to be "nocturnal," may prove, on closer acquaintance, to be neither the one nor the other, but following a similar rhythm to that of the harvest mouse.

It seems highly probable that we have been inclined to look at these matters through too markedly human eyes. Because we ourselves divide every twenty-four hours into night and day, we think that animals must be either nocturnal or diurnal. There is an ill-defined period between full daylight and complete night which we call twilight, and we recognise certain animals that appear then as crepuscular. That is, they come out at twilight, but after that our knowledge



ENJOYING A GOOD SCRATCH: A BADGER, WHICH HAS AN ALMOST UNIVERSAL REPUTATION FOR CLEANLINESS, DOES, HOWEVER, SUFFER FROM THE USUAL IRRITATIONS AND EMPLOYS THE USUAL MEANS OF DEALING WITH THEM.



AN ANIMAL WHICH HAS THE CHARACTERS OF A NIGHT PROWLER: THE EUROPEAN BADGER, SHOWING ITS NEUTRAL-TINTED FUR WITH DARK "SHADOWY LINES" TO THE BODY, AND STARKLY WHITE RECOGNITION MARKS ON THE HEAD.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

becomes a little insecure. There was a couple of whiskered bats I had under observation in Dorset several years ago. They would appear at twilight and fly backwards and forwards across a stream with small trees on each of its banks. With an electric torch one could ascertain that they were still there after dark, and although I never did watch them all through a night, I made various visits at different hours on different nights to see what they were doing, and on several occasions

I was up before dawn to see them. On the first of these occasions sunrise was, according to the calendar, at six o'clock. I had been watching the bats still swinging back and forth across the stream, languidly yet as regularly as if fastened to a giant invisible pendulum, when the clock in the church tower struck six. The first note of the clock, on the still morning air, distracted my attention and when I looked round again for the bats they had vanished.

The punctuality of these two whiskered bats qualifies them perfectly for the description "nocturnal," yet I have seen whiskered bats, and five other species of our bats, abroad in full daylight, although on rare occasions, and, moreover, we are apt to think of them as crepuscular.

Hedgehogs, again, are very much creatures of the night, yet the occasional hedgehog can be seen out and about at full noon. One explanation sometimes offered for this event is that when a hedgehog is old and food-getting is slow, or if food is scarce, the animal may have found it necessary to prolong its activities over into the daylight. This seems no more than a shot in the dark, almost literally. One might equally suggest that the barn owls seen hunting by day are either old or have found food scarce, yet the fact remains that, more unobtrusively, owls of various species can quite often be seen sitting out during the day, either dozing or actively sunbathing, or even hunting.

Such observations as I have been able to make on wild owls seem to agree with those I can make on my tame owls. They are active all night, but they are not asleep all day. The period of greatest activity is at night, but by day they are by no means inactive and they often sunbathe. It is a similar story with our foxes. They sleep most of the afternoon, lying out if

the weather is fine, but with the late afternoon they begin to come to life and it is after dark they reach the peak of activity. If they call at all, it is in the night. They also are about during the forenoon, for part of the time, but they sleep during the other part. Are they awake all the night? Again, I have not on any one night stayed awake all the time to see, but proof that they do sleep during part of the night came when the vixen was seen one morning, after dawn, with her fur white with frost, which could only mean that she had slept exposed on the surface during some part of the hours of darkness.

Much of this is incomplete observation and can lead only to tentative conclusions. There is the strong suggestion, nevertheless, that much of the rigid distinction between nocturnal animals and diurnal animals cannot be maintained. What we

mean is, rather, that those animals we speak of as nocturnal are more active by night than by day, and those we call diurnal are mainly active by day. There is no hard-and-fast line. In late spring the blackbird can be heard singing still when it is almost too dark for us to see our way home. Long before dawn the pheasant can be heard calling. So one could enumerate the examples to show that birds as well as mammals obey no rules of the man-made clock.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE R.A.F. : AIR MARSHAL SIR W. L. DAWSON. The appointment of Air Marshal Sir Walter Lloyd Dawson as Inspector-General of the Royal Air Force was announced by the Air Ministry on May 15. Sir Walter, who is fifty-four, has been Deputy Chief of Staff, Plans and Operations, S.H.A.P.E., since 1953. From 1952-53 he was Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (Policy) at the Air Ministry.



ASKED TO ADVISE ON DEFENCE : FORMER GERMAN GENERAL OFFICERS, GENERAL HALDER (LEFT) AND FIELD-MARSHAL VON MANSTEIN. It was disclosed in Stuttgart on May 13 that the Defence Committee of the Bundestag has decided to ask Field Marshal von Manstein, General Halder and a number of other former general officers who served under Hitler, to give advice on defence matters. A spokesman of the Defence Ministry at Bonn has stated that the Committee was free to call for any kind of expert advice. Field Marshal von Manstein was an outstanding commander in the field and was convicted as a war criminal. General Halder, who was an exceptionally able staff officer, was arrested during the war on the orders of Hitler. Both these officers served in Russia.



LONDON ELECTRICITY BOARD'S NEW CHAIRMAN : MR. D. B. IRVING. Mr. D. B. Irving, who has been deputy chairman since 1954, has been appointed chairman of the London Electricity Board in succession to Mr. H. J. Randall. Mr. Irving was educated at Ayr Academy and London University. He joined the Central Electricity Board in 1932 after a period with British Thomson-Houston.



(Left.) AT THE SINGAPORE CONFERENCE : MR. DAVID MARSHALL.

The Singapore constitutional conference in London broke down on May 15, after three weeks of fruitless talks. On May 17 Mr. Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore, had another meeting with the Colonial Secretary. His action caused a split in the Singapore delegation's ranks.



TO RETIRE FROM THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET : MISS VIOLETTA ELVIN.

Miss Violetta Elvin, who is one of the principal dancers of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, is to retire from the stage at the end of this season. She plans to open a dancing school in Naples after her re-marriage. Her final appearance at Covent Garden will be on June 23.

(Right.) NOMINATED AS BISHOP OF GUILDFORD : THE RT. REV. I. S. WATKINS. The Queen has approved that the Rt. Rev. Ivor Stanley Watkins Bishop Suffragan of Malmesbury and Diocesan Missioner for the diocese of Bristol, be nominated for election as Bishop of Guildford. Dr. Watkins, who is fifty-nine, was ordained priest in 1924.



(Right.) FORMER EDITOR OF THE NEWS CHRONICLE : MR. R. CRUIKSHANK. Mr. R. J. Cruikshank, editor of the *News Chronicle* from 1948 to 1954, died at his home after a long illness on May 13, aged fifty-eight. Largely self-educated, he joined the *Daily News* in 1919, became New York correspondent in 1928 and, in 1936, became the editor of *The Star*.



(Left.) NEW UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES : SIR J. MACPHERSON. Sir John Macpherson, formerly Governor-General of Nigeria, has been appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in succession to Sir Thomas Lloyd, who is retiring. He became Governor of Nigeria in 1948 and Governor-General of the Federation of Nigeria in 1954.



ARRIVING IN ATHENS : THE PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC. ON THE RIGHT IS KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES. Professor Heuss, President of the German Federal Republic, arrived in Greece on May 13 on a State visit at the invitation of King Paul of the Hellenes. Athenian crowds warmly applauded the leaders of their former enemies and cries of "Down with the British ! Long live the Germans !" were heard.



IN MEMORY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL FLYING DOCTOR SERVICE : A MEMORIAL CHURCH OPENED IN ALICE SPRINGS, AUSTRALIA. The John Flynn Memorial Church has been erected at Alice Springs to commemorate Dr. John Flynn, the founder of the Royal Flying Doctor Service. Seen in this picture taken at the first service are Sir William Slim, the Governor-General (seated), and the Rev. J. Grey Robertson, who is reading the lesson.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

ON THE RACK.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE immense respect for Miss Flora Robson. One thinks of her in the words with which Lamb praised Webster for moving a horror skilfully, touching a soul to the quick, laying upon fear as much as it can bear, weaning and wearying a life until it is ready to drop. Her eyes, like those of Miss Angna Enters, say all in a glance: she need not utter a syllable, though—unlike Miss Enters—she has to deal with dramatists who insist upon their dialogue.

In spite of my respect for Miss Robson, I would hate to find myself in her world. Mentally, she is ever on the rack. This present home of hers, this house by the lake which gives its name to the play at the Duke of York's, is alleged to be somewhere near London. I find it difficult to believe that omnibuses and shops and Trafalgar Square and Scotland Yard are not so far off. It seems to be some dark, remote land, inhabited only by Miss Robson and her associates: her husband, the doctor who has been struck from the register and who pads about like a St. Bernard dog given to mesmerism; her sister-in-law, who looks as though she might burst at any moment into the couplets for Hecate we never meet in the theatre; and her brother-in-law from across the lake, who is clearly a type to avoid. Another modern dramatist wrote an odd line, "It's a hotbed of sharks. You allowed yourself to be fleeced right and left." Miss Robson's latest brother-in-law is a combination of shearer and shark, and we are not at all surprised when the poisoned coffee is made ready for him, though not—mark this—by Miss Robson.

There are other people in Hugh Mills's play—suitable attendants for our sufferer-in-chief. I have not mentioned an hysterical wife from across the lake, who spends her time getting up to be knocked down again; a detective who prowls about as if he were bound for a grange in the fens under a Victorian moon; the Hebridean (is it?) house-keeper, who has a dire habit of being cheerful on all possible and improbable occasions (one should not be cheerful in Miss Robson's presence); and a harmless Chief Constable who is usually going or coming.

All of them are assembled in "The House by the Lake" simply that Miss Robson may suffer. The dramatist has worked out a most intricate plot. His expository first act takes us, with Ibsen-like thoroughness, into the past. It also speaks sternly for the future. My companion, who delights in a dramatist's little tricks, kept murmuring "Plant!", "Plant!", throughout the first half-hour; and, indeed, by the third act these plants had risen to a whole grove of sombre foliage. Unluckily, as this is a thriller, I cannot thrust far into the plot except to say that we see the death of the shearer-and-shark (Miss Robson, I repeat, has nothing to do with this), and that the third act turns upon a different matter: it is Miss Robson, remember, who must endure the rack, and her husband has ideas about it. I forgot to say that, some time before the play begins, Miss Robson was a manic-depressive. There are nights, I feel, when this grand actress must dread going to the theatre, knowing as she does all the things that have happened already, and will happen when she gets there, the past that will suddenly wrap itself around her and the relations that wait, sinister, by the lake. Still, besides being a fine artist, she is a very brave woman.

Although Mr. Mills has written a thoroughly artificial play, its acting animates it. Miss Robson, in nervous apprehension, can get us to feel each new tremor: those eyes speak. She can chart for us every twitch in her private world of agony, and she knows just how to lead us from grief to grief, torture to torture. I am glad she has left her axe behind in that Cornish mist. "Suspect" was not really her play, and she is happier

among the leafless trees, the frigid winter gloom, of the Home Counties.

Other players, under John Fernald's direction, close menacingly around Miss Robson. I am not surprised that the doctor, acted with a mournful relish by Andrew Cruickshank, was struck off the register; obviously he would lead any patient direct to the lethal chamber, muttering slow platitudes. He is sibilantly sinister. Jenny Laird hovers meaningfully, and Paul Lee appears for a few minutes to make shark-like noises and to be dispatched without mercy. Others in the cast have the manner for the occasion, especially Sylvia Coleridge in hysteria, and Alan MacNaughtan on his path in and out of the French windows, though I cannot conceive what they think of him at Scotland Yard. He lurks and lurks. Never mind: he would certainly be a detective in Miss Robson's world. One warning more. If—as you well may be—you are poisoning a dear friend in the next week or so, see that the ashtrays are emptied before the police arrive. It is only a suggestion; but I do like to have these things managed efficiently.

For once—and this is rare—no one on the first night applauded the set. Since it is almost a matter of form to do this when the curtain is only half-way up, I found the lapse strange—more especially as Fanny Taylor's set demanded all the applause we could give. Those trees, bare across the winter sky; that atmosphere of doom: what better torture-ground for Miss Robson? What better frame for the rack?

Alan Tagg, who designed the set for "Look Back In Anger" (Royal Court), also provided a suitable torture chamber, described as "a one-room flat in a large Midland town." Here, too, a wife is racked for most of the evening. I mentioned this play briefly in last week's Journal. Why the English Stage Company has chosen it for a "writers' theatre" must remain mysterious. It is singularly raw and futile. The author has at times a kind of rusty-nail humour. There is nothing else.—A young man at the centre of the stage, self-pitying, attitudinising, talks at length, cheaply, violently, foolishly.

The dramatist, we are told, feels that "as a representative of the younger generation, he has every right to be very angry." Some of his audience may be angrier still, but not for the same reason. The play grated on me like the sustained whine of an ancient tramcar coming down a steep hill. Mr. Osborne will have other plays in him, and perhaps he will settle down, now that he has got this off his mind. Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Helena Hughes and Alan Bates have helped him to unburden; but I hardly like to say he has helped the English Stage Company.

After these nights on the rack—different kinds of rack—it was a joy to meet again the queen of mime, Angna Enters. Although an Arts Theatre audience was curiously cold at first, Miss Enters

won it over by the extreme delicacy, the subtlety, of her evocations: the courtesan, the Impressionist picnic-party, the Boy Cardinal (we greeted this again with delight), the odalisque. An eyelash trembles, and a character is born; another flicker, and the mood is changed. It is the glory of what someone once called "creative silence." Angna Enters is an artist we welcome back to London: she and Miss Robson should have a long speechless talk. It would tell us more, I fancy, in ten minutes than an average dramatist would in three acts.



MISS ROBSON KNOWS "JUST HOW TO LEAD US FROM GRIEF TO GRIEF, TORTURE TO TORTURE": "THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE" (DUKE OF YORK'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM HUGH MILLS' THRILLER WITH (L. TO R.) COLIN (PAUL LEE); STELLA (JENNY LAIRD); MAURICE (ANDREW CRUICKSHANK) AND JANET (FLORA ROBSON).



"THE PLAY GRATED ON ME LIKE THE SUSTAINED WHINE OF AN ANCIENT TRAMCAR COMING DOWN A STEEP HILL": "LOOK BACK IN ANGER" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING A SCENE FROM JOHN OSBORNE'S PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) ALISON PORTER (MARY URE); CLIFF LEWIS (ALAN BATES); HELENA CHARLES (HELENA HUGHES) AND JIMMY PORTER (KENNETH HAIGH).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE FINAL ACE" (New Lindsey).—Some good acting, and at least three eloquent performances, in a play (by Charles Fenn) that deserves more than a brief trial on the outskirts. (May 7.)

"THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE" (Duke of York's).—Flora Robson in agony means a good evening for connoisseurs of mental torture. Hugh Mills has provided the material, and Miss Robson can transform it as she does all her plays. (May 9.)

ANGNA ENTERS (Arts Theatre Club).—The queen of mime returns. This is the subtlest of one-woman performances, but the Arts Theatre could help by filling in the gaps between Miss Enters's scenes. (May 14.)

"QUEEN OF SPADES" (Covent Garden).—A revival of Tchaikovsky's opera, conducted by Rafael Kubelik. (May 14.)

NOTABLE LONDON PRICES: INCLUDING £5000 FOR A FABERGE CHIMPANZEE.



£1000: A RARE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PENDANT JEWEL WITH A SARD INTAGLIO PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I. ALL THESE ITEMS WERE AUCTIONED AT SOTHEBY'S ON MAY 17.—(1½ ins. overall.)



£1000: A FINE FABERGE COLOURED GOLD CIGARETTE CASE WITH A DIAMOND-SET THUMB-PIECE.—(3½ ins.)



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£1700: A FABERGE IMPERIAL PRESENTATION SNUFF-BOX WITH THE CROWNED MONOGRAM OF TSAR NICHOLAS II IN CIRCULAR CUT DIAMONDS. (Diameter, 3½ ins.)



£3000: A FABERGE CARVED ROCK CRYSTAL VASE WITH FOURTEEN SPRAYS OF FLOWERS. (Overall height, 4½ ins.)



£850: A FABERGE GOLD OVAL SNUFF-BOX WITH A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF PRINCE FELIX YOUSSEPOFF IN THE UNIFORM OF THE CHEVALIER-GARDE. (3½ ins.)



£3400: A VERY RARE SWISS ENAMELLED GOLD DOUBLE SINGING BIRD BOX BY FRERES ROCHAT. (Length, 4 ins.)



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£2200: AN ENGLISH GOLD AND MOSS AGATE AUTOMATA SNUFF-BOX MADE BY JAMES COX IN ABOUT 1770. (Length, 3 ins.)



£750: A FABERGE GREEN JADE FROG BOWL WITH DIAMOND EYES AND A ROSE-DIAMOND MOUTH. (2½ ins.)



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£550: CARVED FROM PINK QUARTZ AND WITH OPAL EYES: A FABERGE COCKATOO BONBONNIERE. (2½ ins.)



£580: ONE OF THE FAMOUS FABERGE FARM ANIMALS; AN OBSIDIAN FIGURE OF A PIG. (2½ ins.)



£440: A FABERGE FIGURE OF AN ELEPHANT IN PURPURINE WITH ROSE-DIAMOND EYES. (2½ ins.)

A large gathering attended at Messrs. Sotheby's London auction rooms on May 17 for the important sale of works of art by Carl Fabergé and other interesting and valuable Objects of Vertu. Outstanding in a day of very high prices was the £5000 paid for the Fabergé chimpanzee. This is presumed to be a record price for any object by the famous Russian jeweller,

whose work is now in such demand that the prices paid at this sale were all unusually high. Among other interesting items was the rare Elizabethan pendant jewel (reproduced above). There are only a small number of Renaissance jewels with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth I and this jewel has the added rarity of being an intaglio portrait. The total for this sale was £47,746.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN GERMANY; TWO ANNIVERSARIES; AND OTHER EVENTS.



ERECTED AT SCOTT'S VIEW, ON BEMERSYDE HILL, IN THE TWEED VALLEY: A NEW OBSERVATION BAY. An engraved bronze plaque indicating the many landmarks which can be seen from Bemersyde Hill has been erected by the Automobile Association in a recently constructed observation bay at Scott's View.



FIFTY YEARS OLD THIS MONTH: THE SIMPLON TUNNEL—SEEN FROM THE ITALIAN END.

The famous Simplon tunnel, which runs under the Alps, linking Italy and Switzerland, was inaugurated fifty years ago this month. This tunnel, which was started in 1898, is 12 miles 537 yards long. It made enormous demands on the engineering techniques of the day and forty-two men lost their lives during its construction.



INAUGURATED IN MAY 1906: THE SIMPLON RAILWAY TUNNEL, WHICH RUNS UNDER THE ALPS.



WITH HIS OLD REGIMENT AT HOHNE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL GREETING STAFF-SERGEANT W. STOCKS, OF LONDON, TO WHOM HE PRESENTED THE LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL.



AT A RECEPTION IN BONN: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH LADY CHURCHILL AND (LEFT) DR. ADENAUER, THE FEDERAL CHANCELLOR.

Sir Winston Churchill ended his five-day visit to West Germany on May 13 with a visit to the 4th Queen's Own Hussars at Caen Barracks, near Hohn, in Lower Saxony. Sir Winston, who is Colonel of the regiment, served with it during his cavalry days.



IN KATMANDU: THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH, WEARING THE ROBES OF THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER, PRESENTING A GOLD AND IVORY-HANDLED SWORD TO THE KING OF NEPAL. IT MARKED THE KING'S ASSUMPTION OF THE HONORARY RANK OF GENERAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.



CUT BY THE QUEEN AT GUILDHALL: A 3-CWT. CAKE WITH FORTY CANDLES, AND SURMOUNTED BY A SUGAR MODEL OF LONDON'S GUILDHALL, WHICH WAS MADE FOR THE FORTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS OF THE NATIONAL SAVINGS MOVEMENT, HELD ON MAY 15.



SMASHED BY THE MAYOR OF KOKKINIA AS A PROTEST AGAINST THE CYPRUS HANGINGS: A MARBLE PLAQUE, ON A CHURCH WALL IN THE ATHENS SUBURB OF KOKKINIA, COMMEMORATING THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN (THEN PRINCESS ELIZABETH) AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN DECEMBER 1950.



UPHOLDING A GREAT MILITARY TRADITION: THE KING'S TROOP, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, REHEARSING FOR THEIR MUSICAL DRIVE AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



A SPLENDID SIGHT IN REGENT'S PARK: A TEAM OF THE KING'S TROOP, R.H.A., GALLOPING AT SPEED DURING THEIR REHEARSAL FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

A THRILLING AND TRADITIONAL SPECTACLE: THE KING'S TROOP, R.H.A., IN REGENT'S PARK.

A popular feature of the annual Royal Tournament, which opens at Earls Court this year on June 6, is the spectacular Musical Drive by the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery. Great skill is demanded of the drivers of each of the three pairs of horses which make up the gun-team. There are six teams in the Drive and careful co-ordination is required to avoid

serious accidents when travelling at speed in the confined arena. The King's Troop is stationed at St. John's Wood, which has long been the London home of the Royal Horse Artillery. The title of The King's Troop was specially granted by King George VI, who was most interested that the knowledge and tradition of horses in the Army should be kept alive.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO-DAY nothing is much rarer than the serious action-story—the kind that rises above mere suspense or adventure, while eschewing world-issues. It is as though the *Zeitgeist* had no use for it. Or it may simply be an uncommon talent. . . . "Ambush," by Jean Hougron (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.), comes to remind us that it has not wholly died out.

Legorn, a French farmer from the northern province of Laos, has been in hospital for months with a broken leg and a bullet in the lung. What was officially a Viet-Minh ambush has cost him his wife and boy, and half a million piastres' worth of goods, only half paid for. After ten years of success and family happiness, he finds himself alone, ruined, fated to sell up—for already the debt is overdue—and most unlikely to get his price; no doubt he is being steadily pillaged by his half-caste bailiff. And he does not think it was the Viet-Minh. He is convinced it was Vorlang—a swashbuckling rival farmer, hated by everyone, but too dangerous to fall foul of.

He has known all along what happened to Marthe and the boy, but allows the medical superintendent to "break" it to him three months afterwards. By then his course is set. He must immediately get a high price for the farm; and he must have clear proof against Vorlang. Since the whites talk but don't know, this proof must come from the Laotians, who don't talk. And then. . . .

He returns to the valley sick, spent, and near the end of his tether: and, between bouts of malaria, fulfils the whole programme. In a way, there are two backgrounds—the perspective of his good years, and the community of his neighbours. And they have much more than local colour; they have the rooted, almost tacit humanity, thoroughly unsentimental, but touched with a very restrained humour, which is the author's hallmark. The story is rather heroic than exciting; and it is not quite "The Fugitive," which was at once nobler and simpler. But it is no let-down.

OTHER FICTION.

If heroic novels are scarce, what one may call Burgess-and-Maclean novels have been tripping each other up. But "Mr. Hamish Gleave," by Richard Llewellyn (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), may and should be final. Of those I have come across, it is incomparably the most exhaustive, the most searching, the most realistic-sounding—the most pretentious, unluckily in every way. Its Maclean-figure (described on the jacket as a "frustrated idealist") is really an upper-middle-class malcontent. He has been harangued from boyhood on the huge fortune squandered by his grandfather, the unique virtue of Us, and the disgusting times; and having absorbed every word of it, he feels indignant at not being rich, and sourly despises nearly everyone, from the old, titled aristocracy to the working man. He despises the Minister; indeed he resents having a Minister. Of course he resents Americans—the supreme *parvenus*. He sincerely thinks the country's pro-American policy ruinous and disgraceful. Yet on the other hand—"dear Father" was always preaching safety first. "A word will ruin you. Bad company will ruin you. . . ." At another time, he would obey his cold feet. But now treason is in the air. Even his loyal colleagues talk like *frondeurs*. And these "cultural" acquaintances at Geneva are so flattering, so insinuating—and are maintained in such princely style. . . .

Gleave, with his perpetual flow of spleen, and blend of moral altitude with what's-in-it-for-Hamish, is repellent company. Indeed the whole book is declamatory, congested and hard going: but impressive in its way.

"Freighter," by Susan Yorke (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), might be summed up as romance in rather highbrow clothing. Robert Rettner is a would-be concert pianist, knocked out by an accident to his hands; since when he has been "bumming around" in a high state of frustration and disillusionment. This squalid old Norwegian cargo-boat strikes him as the last ditch, and in New York he prepares to hate and despise all on board. His fellow-voyagers turn out to include a suicidal maniac, a clairvoyante, an alcoholic, and America's "number one music critic," who is a young charmer. For Monica and the ultra-romantic Captain, there is a great love: for Robert, a return to humanity and a new career. Written, so to speak, above its own head.

"Receipt for Murder," by Gwendoline Butler (Bles; 10s. 6d.), is about three young girls who have just graduated from their domestic science college to posts in a London suburb called "the village"—where they find three charming attic rooms in a boarding-house for the rather well-to-do. Social activities, flirtations and heart-throbs are crossed by the local murder of a small boy. Then crime invades the "Argosy," connecting itself with a "nasty" ruined toyshop and an old murder case. This story has the beginner's fault of being too cluttered with suspects and mysterious circumstances, and in the outcome incredible. But it has a gay style, and a really promising individual note.

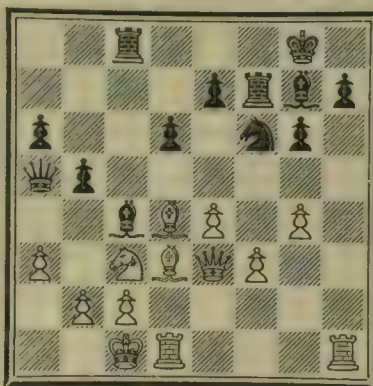
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A. R. SPILLER is an officer of the United States Air Force who, stationed near Norwich for the last three years or so, has developed into perhaps the strongest player in East Anglia. Miro Radoicic is a Yugoslav diplomat whose duties have taken him from Europe to India and the U.S.A. and back within the last twelve months alone, but have not prevented him from participating in two of the congresses at Bognor Regis.

It was at Bognor Regis that they met in a game which produced the position I have diagrammed.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Here White played 18. Q-K3, with a motive too transparent to be menacing; he clearly intended to continue, if he is allowed, 19. B-Kt6 putting an end to Black's queen.

Black, disregarding the threat (quite intentionally, no doubt), replied with 18. . . . B×B; White answered 19. R×B; then came 19. . . . Q-B2 and the threat of B-Kt6 existed no more.

I should explain that I came upon this position whilst attempting to run through all the games played in the international section at Bognor. As there were forty-two participants in all and each played eleven games, I had every incentive to keep moving. Yet one tiny little question which the position aroused in my mind kept me engrossed for well over an hour. Such is the fascination—and the infuriation—of chess.

The question: After 18. Q-K3 and 18. . . . B×B, could not White have played 19. B-Kt6 after all? My first impulse was to think that both players had overlooked something. After 19. . . . R×Kt; 20. B×Q (clearly the only move now—White's knight being destroyed, Black can play . . . Q-R5 if White tries any foolish finesse), R×BPch; 21. K-Kt1 . . . that 21. . . . R-K7disch does not win the queen, as White can reply 22. Q×B. Had they not seen this?

Start again! 18. Q-K3, B×B; 19. B-Kt6, R×Kt; 20. B×Q, R×BPch; 21. K-Kt1, what about 21. . . . R×KtPch . . . ? Ah, this is it!

White dare not take (22. K×R) because of the reply 22. . . . Kt×KtPdich; Black finishing, e.g., after 23. K-R2, Kt×Q; 24. R×B, R×P with three pawns and a bishop for a rook—enough to win.

22. K-R1 is even worse: 22. . . . Kt×KtP! And such continuations as 23. P×Kt, R-K7disch or 23. Q×B, R-Q7disch leaves White at best several pawns to the bad.

Consequently, White's best appears to be 22. K-B1, when Black has an immediate draw by 22. . . . R-B7ch, etc.—if he can find nothing better; and the final legitimate inference is that White was very wise to content himself with the placid 19. R×B.

What intriguing complexity, though, underlying a passage of such apparent simplicity! Truly, as the Indian proverb has it, "Chess is an ocean of which a gnat may drink . . . and in which an elephant may bathe."

ART, ARCHITECTURE AND A REVIEW OF 1955.

FOR the price of an inferior dinner for two in the West End of London, it is possible to buy a sumptuous book "Hubert and Jan Van Eyck," with the text by Leo van Puyvelde (Hamish Hamilton; 84s.). This beautiful volume, with colour reproductions by Annibale Belli, which I have seldom seen equalled and never surpassed, should be a treasure for anybody interested in artistic scholarship. The two famous brothers have forever left their mark on the history of painting (Hubert is the more shadowy to the point that some, in the face of the evidence, have doubted his very existence). While they were, of course, innovators, one cannot deny the debt they owed to their immediate predecessors, the miniature painters (most of them their own Flemish race) who worked for the French princes of Valois. It is difficult when one looks at the "moderns" in the present Burlington House exhibition and then compares them with the "moderns" as the Van Eycks were in the fourteenth century, not to feel that we have been progressing smartly backwards. The editor rightly castigates those who support the legend (created in the sixteenth century) that Jan invented oil painting. While there is no doubt that at the time oil was used for decorative painting on such things as heraldic banners, harness, litters, and walls, the time when it was to be used on panel was still far to seek. M. van Puyvelde makes out a convincing case for the fact that the Van Eycks used the by then traditional tempera method in which colour was powdered for mixing with an agglutinant based on eggs. Nevertheless, looking at the reproductions of, for example, that wonderful treasure in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, in Ghent—"The Holy Lamb"—one feels that those who have fallen into this error may well be forgiven. "The Holy Lamb," to my mind, is the greatest of Hubert Van Eyck's works (but, of course, this is a matter of personal taste), while the picture by Jan Van Eyck which has the most appeal for me is "The Madonna with Canon George van der Paele." What a splendid old gentleman the Canon (and Donor of the picture to the Church of St. Donat for which it was intended) must have been. One would dearly love to have invited him to dinner and over an excellent glass of burgundy, which, from the Van Eycks' time to this day, has been the favourite wine of the Low Countries, to have heard his views on the world. As I say, a beautiful book for which it is well worth while forgoing that meagre dinner with a bottle of "Bordeaux" (Grand Cru de la Kasbah) at the Hotel Magnificent.

I will not conceal from my readers that for me, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, like his brother Osbert, is one of my favourite writers. When he writes, for example, on the beauties, the unexampled artistic richness of Spain, one feels that he is showing you round his own house. It was, therefore, with a certain misgiving that I opened his "Denmark" (Batsford; 21s.). I need not have worried. Alone among the Scandinavian countries Denmark has a contact with the more amiable and warmer south. The Danes have a lightness which stands out in happy contrast to the heavy Nordic gloom of their fellow Scandinavians. Mr. Sitwell, always, of course, with his eye for the baroque, captures for the reader the gaiety and charm of this tiny land—the contented remnant of a once great empire which, nevertheless, showed in the last war that the spirit of independence and the possession of ancient courage has never been extinguished. In the limited space at my disposal, I cannot hope to do justice to this attractive book; a book in which the illustrations have been carefully selected—I feel sure by Mr. Sitwell himself—and provide pleasures for the eye, the equal of those for the mind provided by the text.

To travel south again we come to another beautifully produced book, "Tuscany," a collection of 200 photographs by Arnold von Borsig (Thames and Hudson; 50s.). Here we are in the heart of what I feel is normally the Sitwell country. And here, too, we have a collection of photographs almost the equal of, for example, those taken in Spain by the great Swiss photographer, Martin Hurlimann. Here for our delectation is spread out that most historic and beautiful of Italian regions. (The readers of this column may recall my review of that remarkable book on the Etruscans, "The Buried People.") As I say, this is largely a

book of splendid photographs. Alas! the text and notes by Ranuccio Bianchi-Bandinelli are not quite up to the standard of the illustrations.

"The Britannica Book of the Year" (Encyclopædia Britannica; 4 gns. upwards) is an annual which gets harder and more interesting as the years go by. "Mk 1956" covers the events of 1955, and given the fact that it should, of course, now be called the "Encyclopædia Americana" (from its ownership) is as satisfying as ever. Not least interesting, though suffering perhaps from its inevitable native *naïveté*, is Mr. William Benton's report on the propaganda methods of the Soviets and their satellites. Mr. Benton, in spite of the fact that as the U.S. Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs he was responsible for the strongly anti-Russian language broadcast of the Voice of America, was allowed to visit the countries to which he refers.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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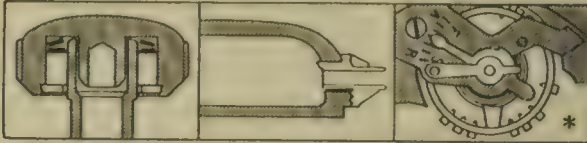
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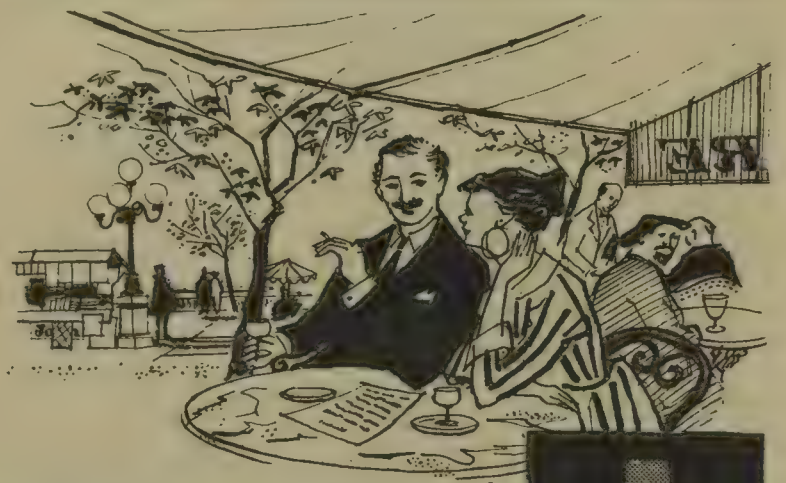
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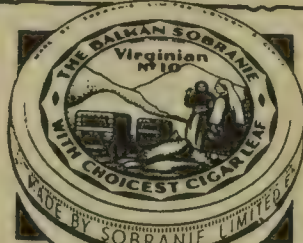
Virginian; another a Virginia Tobacco whose added touch of genius is a touch of the finest cigar leaf. And the surnames of both are the same—Balkan Sobranie. In the one or the other of these two famous brands is perhaps the final answer to present discontents and a friendship that will last a life-time. But neither may be everybody's choice—the House of Sobranie is well content in a mass market world, to continue to provide

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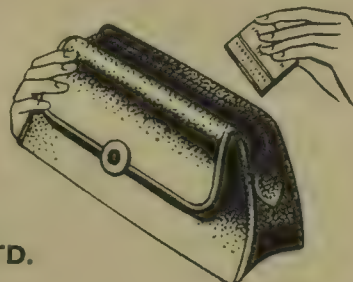


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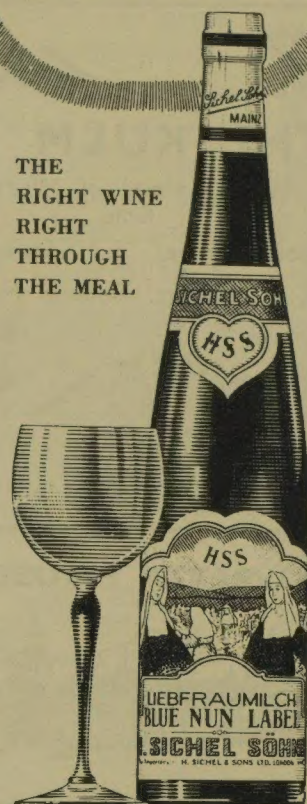
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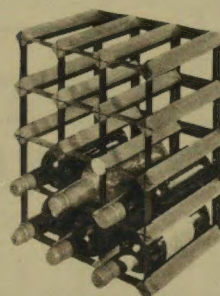
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